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Bt. from Mr. Brett-Smith

280 e. 3549

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Frank Ramsden

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THE

CHELTENHAM MAIL BAG;

OR,

Letters from Gloucestershire.

EDITED BY

PETER QUINCE, THE YOUNGER.

" Moi donc qui connois peu Phébus et ses douceurs
" Qui suis nouveau sevré sur le mont des neuf Sœurs :

" Moi, la plume a la main, je gourmand les vices
" Et gardant pour moi-meme une juste rigueur,
" Je confie au papier les secrets de mon cœur."
BOILEAU, *Discours au Roi.*

" Les lettres et les pensées sur divers sujets que je publie aujourdhui
" peignent à la fois la reverie et la familiarité de l'esprit."
DE STAEL.

LONDON:
JOHN WARREN, OLD BOND STREET.

MDCCCXX.

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LONDON :

W. SHACKELL, JOHNSON'S-COURT, FLEET-STREET.

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PREFACE.

If it were at all necessary for me, and I rejoice that it is not, to account for the way in which the following Letters came into my possession, I think I could as satisfactorily acquit myself of any fraudulent or irreverent practices, in obtaining them, as any of my cotemporaries, not even with the exception of the witty and learned Editor of the FUDGES,—THOMAS BROWN *the younger*. I have merely availed myself of an opportunity, which may never again occur—to me at least—and have accordingly, with all Editorial diligence and accuracy, prepared for the public eye, some certain Epistles, which, partly

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through negligence—partly through accident, and a little through good fortune, (for one's *luck-penny* must not be forgotten,) have fallen under my *surveillance*. It is merely essential for me to state, that as I have betrayed no confidence—neither have I compromised any gentlemanly feeling, in obtaining the *porte-feuille*, from which my present Selection is made—and which contains an immense quantity of manuscripts, no less interesting and important, "to those whom t may concern."—Whether the success of my present attempt, at restoring those documents to their right possessors—(which is my principal inducement to publish them,) may lead me to the disclosure of any others, I am not prepared to say:—I shall only observe, that when the packet, which contained the Letters in question, came into my hands, it was not padlocked;—when I looked to

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the letters, they were not sealed;—neither were they marked "*Private*" nor "*Confidential;*"—the blanks in the names were not even filled up,—and there was no probability of their ever reaching their destination, but by the course I now adopt, whereby many an anxious doubt of faith preserved—of friendship unshaken—of love untired—and of esteem unchanged, may be at once removed.—If a few secrets should escape,—or, a few little uneasy thoughts spring out like the plagues from *Pandora's* box, they will still leave hope behind—at least, the hope that though a passing smile may be excited at the expense of some fashionable folly, no sting may for a moment, wound an honest bosom, nor PETER QUINCE *the younger* have cause to lament the publication of——

"One line which dying he should wish to blot."—

As for myself, as the Editor of this selection, were

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I to follow the bent of my humour I should certainly assume the favour of an *Incognito*,—"parcequ'il y à quelque chose de joli d'être auteur sans y être connu;"—but even this gratification, my love of candour at once repels, even though my risk in literary fame becomes "doubly hazardous," when I reflect that, "Quand on lit un ouvrage sans nom, on se trouve suspendu entre la crainte de mépriser un auteur celébre, et celle d'admirer un Ecrivain mediocre;—on a recours a son *pis aller*, et ne pouvant pas juger par prevention, on est forcé de decider par son gout, et par discernement."*

When BURTON first published his celebrated "Anatomy of Melancholy," under the signature of *Democritus Junior*, he thus cautioned the more curious part of his Readers. -"Seek not after that

* Misanthrope.

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which is hid—if the contents please thee, and be for thy use, suppose the man in the moon, or whom thou wilt, to be the author. I would not willingly be known. If I be pressed, I will as readily reply, as that *Egyptian* in PLUTARCH, when a curious fellow would needs know what he had in his basket. Quum vides velatam, cur inquiris in rem absconditam?"—Far from adopting disguise or seeking concealment, I cordially invite my kind and indulgent readers, to assure themselves of my identity, by honoring me with a visit at *Sibyl Lodge;* where they shall, at all times, be most cordially received by

Their's and the Public's

Faithfully devoted

(Though not humble) Servant,

PETER QUINCE,

the Younger.

Sibyl Lodge, Cheltenham, June 4th, 1820.

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N. B. It is necessary to premise, that I am by no means responsible for the connection, order, or dates of the respective Letters, having left their arrangement solely to the fancy of my printer.

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THE

CHELTENHAM MAIL BAG.

LETTER I.

FROM C—L—L M—L—D OF C——KS, TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LORD P—F—T.

Ch——lle, near Cheltenham, Oct. 1819.

MY DEAR LORD,

ALTHOUGH yesterday's post brought you word
Of my spirits and health, yet, my ever dear Lord!
I'm sure will rejoice at my pledged re-assurance
Of my keen native ardor's unbated endurance,
Since there's nothing on earth that appears to my mind
So liberal, so amiable, generous and kind,
As the constant, continued, unfading desire,
All the cordial endearments of life to inspire,

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And to furnish the heart and the memory both
With germs of true sentiment's national growth;
And I know too, that friendship for ever endures
In a soul so exalted, true, noble, as yours,
My dear Lord!—and with heart ever grateful, sincere,
Your kind reminiscences duly I bear.
—Last week how we missed you!—you cannot conceive
How our hearts for your absence were destined to grieve!
We'd a little "*to do*,"—a few hundred or so,
And oh, such *a Lion!* 'tis all *entre nous*—
Tho' now I think on it, the secret may pass,
For the press has got hold of it—thus then it was,
My friend, my invalued, my high honoured friend,
You know ABOUN HASSAN, did so condescend:—
Was so kind, so good natured—oh yes, on my word
He came to us, just as you would, my dear Lord!
In his coach—rather shy that same equipage seems,
Tho' the sun on the pannels in red and gold gleams.

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Only think that a personage mighty and great,
Should so modestly shrink from the splendor of state,
(Were *I* in his place, with a glass-coach and six,
The standard of Embassy coaches I'd fix!)
With two vile job horses stuck on to his carriage,—
Tho' it is not for me, my dear Lord, to disparage
The style of "*son Excellence*" HASSAN ABOUN,*
The child of the sun—the eléve of the moon!
No, no, be it mine with the *eloquent reed*,†
To me by just Providence wisely decreed,
On this heart-pleasing subject with fancy sublime
To grace the intelligent ears of old Time;
Whilst my thoughts, most original, glowing and terse,
Give brilliancy, sweetness, and charm to my verse!
Well! he came,—let me see,—at a quarter past nine,
And Lord! how his gems and his diamonds did shine,

* I rather imagine there must be some trifling error in this nomenclature.

However this is a Shaksperean error,—"*Peter* for the sake of *metre*."——P. Q.

† The Pen, so called in Persia.

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And his red crimson cloak seem'd a garment of fire,
As he turned with good-humour'd surprise to admire
The taste and the fancy and judgment displayed
In our neat suite of rooms, for the purpose arrayed
With peculiar magnificence, such as I know
Carlton House only rivall'd some summers ago.
And so HASSAN exclaim'd—and I took not his wit ill,
" Why 'tis Carlton House here too, in little and
little!"
But soon from the elegant tapestry he turned,
And I thought for a moment he inwardly mourned,
As his eyes fell at once on those trophies of honor
Conferred by HER hands, who took beauty upon her
To shine out in Royalty—lost and for ever!
Shall England behold her resemblance?—No, never!
So good and so pure, and so lovelily fair,
She has flitted away like a spirit of air!
But these trophies that fondly, yet sadly, I cherish,
Shall stand in my halls, 'till my halls and I perish;

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Yes, I swear by the tears on my paper that fall
That my humbly adored *Princesse Charlotte de Galles**
Shall long be remembered by me and by mine,
'Till the sun-light of memory ceases to shine.

"But where's Aboun Hassan," you say, "all this while?"
Reclining in beauty's benevolent smile,
On yon *musnud*—he calls it—behold him laid low
Beneath the dark curve of a crescent-like brow;
Whilst the sparkling and glow of all other bright eyes
Unheeded play round like the beam of his skies
When the lightning attracts him—th' electrical spark
But renders the rest of the universe dark.
Apropos, when his charmer was heard to complain,
Of a shiver, whilst passion throughout every vein—

* This simple inscription procured for me the most flattering, distinguishing distinctions, and enviable attentions on the Continent.

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Of his heart and his bosom was rushing in flame,
"How comes it," he said, "oh, thou rose in the beam
"Of creation's own day-burst, the loveliest far!
"More fair than the loved one of young Jehaundar,*
"How comes it that you, from the light of whose eyes
"The flame of desire irresistibly flies,
"Consuming the heart of each love-stricken elf,
"Can be chilly or cold for a moment yourself?"
With loud bursts of laughter the circle rang round,
And the wit of the Persian was voted profound!—
It is not for me or my muse to recite
The flashes of eloquence sportively bright,
That my friend scattered round him, with compliment mixed,
Whilst I stood before him, with praises transfixed;

* I have been at some pains to discover who this matchless beauty may have been.—I find she was no other than "*Bherawir Banon*, upon whose countenance the world-illuming sun, with all his globe-enlightening splendor dare not look without the medium of a veil."—Bahar Danush.—
P. Q.

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When up-raising his head from the collar of thought,
And his lips from the signet of silence, he caught,
From the treasure of speech, such magnificent pearls
And gems of profusion—my head fairly twirls
When I think on his fanciful phrases that shine
With a lustre reflected but faintly in mine—
Just to give an idea, to you, my dear Lord!—
Whilst his satire was sharp as the gem-hilted sword
That he wore in his girdle—short, polished and keen,
That cut while it sparkled, in exquisite sheen.
—Adieu, my dear Lord! this is all that at present
Has room in my thoughts—and you'll own 'tis so
pleasant,
So happily told—with such pathos and feeling!
(For genius like mine you know baffles concealing;)
And now with affection heart-feeling and fervent,
Whilst my pen has a nib, or my heart has a nerve in't,
I'm your faithful,
obliged
and obsequious servant
J—— M——D, OF C—KS.

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P. S. You perceive something odd in my style,
Something novel—attractive, I know by the smile,
That I fancy I see playing over your cheek,
—And that says—just as plain as a smile can well speak—
" The genius we all have admired so long
" In its garment of prose, breaks at last into song,
" And we all of us thought, though his prose was " divine,
" That his forte was poetic—and destined to shine
" In the regions of fiction, he soon would pour forth
" The most exquisite strains ever heard upon earth."—
'Pon my soul, my dear Lord! you are truly prophetic—
And your judgment so fine, so discreet, so pathetic,
Is verified now—but 'tis right to confess
That my Muse in her ardor and joy to express
The delight that my *fête* and my *lion* inspired,
Has been with an Eastern phraseology fired;
And hence you will own, with emotions ecstatic,
That my Muse and myself are now both asi-atic.

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LETTER II.

FROM ACERBUS SKETCH, ESQ. TO ————

————'s Boarding House, Cheltenham, May, 1820.

FATIGUED with politics and news,
  Wearied with "Radical Reform,"
In solitude I court the muse,
  And seek her renovating charm.
Well pleased does Fancy now retreat
From the dull dome of Downing Street,
From C————h and state affairs,
To Nature's smiles and fragrant airs;
And true to friendship and to thee,
I sit me down contentedly

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Even by the *Chelt's** retiring banks,
Thro' which the modest streamlet runs,
Unconscious of the blooming ranks,
And eyes—that like unnumbered suns
Shed light and gladness on the tide,
That pours its humble waves along,
As softly murmuring they glide,
Like echoes of a Naiad's song!†
But well I know, nor babbling brook,
Nor the high tree that rocks the rook,
Nor lowly flower, nor budding thorn,
Nor the fresh smile of early morn,
Nor nature's charms, when loveliest
They smile in vernal verdure drest,

* "A silver stream still rolls his waters near,
"Gilt with sun-beams here and there,
"On whose enamel'd bank I'll walk,
"And see how prettily they smile, and hear
"How prettily they talk."

COWLEY'S COUNTRY LIFE.

† *Naiads*, nymphs of the fountain.

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Can win thy stern inquiring mind
From the deep study of thy kind—
"Man's proper study,"* by the way;—
At once I dedicate my lay
To the gay groupes that round me swarm
Like May-bees round the honied hive,
When fields are green, and skies are warm
And all in nature seems alive!
—Thus then with brief respect I treat 'em,
And with French salutation greet 'em.
"*Messieurs et Mesdames*," as we say
In Paris† "*salut et respect!*"
Votaries of Fashion! who impart
To fashion's self the rules of art,
I know your art, and as the poet
Has said that "all must love that know it."‡

* "The proper study of mankind is man."—POPE.

† This is the elegant mode of address from the French stage—at least it was so when I was in Paris—but things may be otherwise now.

‡ Quem nao sabe a arte, nao a estima.—CAMOENS.

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I love it too—have felt its power
In many a dull and tedious hour;
And hence with grateful zeal I prize
Dame Fashion and her votaries.
Trust me, kind souls! my gentle care
Your very faults would rather spare,
Than one ungracious thorny line
Within your wreath of praise entwine;
But well I know the sympathy
That swells each breast, and fires each eye,
When censure in her bitter sport
Flings some poor brother "*à la morte*,"*

* "Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons quelque chose qui ne nous deplait pas," says Rochefoucault, and I fear he says too truly;—experience has taught me to believe that this picture will not be found overcharged—yet in my notices shall, I trust, give a lesson of moderation and forbearance worthy of emulation. To those who may feel aggrieved by the *truth* of my colouring, I will afford terms of accommodation and of truce;

"Desinant
"Maledicere, malefacta ne noscant sua."

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What well feigned sighs of sad condolence,
(That he *must* suffer—" nolens volens"—) .
Like mermaid's songs come on his ear,
But to make torture more severe!—
—Nay, smile not, fair ones! tho' 'tis true
That your *preux chevaliers* I drew,
Yet in my sketches you may see
'Tis " *chacun a son tour*" with me.
When vulgar critics, vastly rude,
Would their unwelcome truths intrude,
And some *dear* sister, feels the dart
Of censure tinkling in her heart,
What genuine pity then we see
Draw tears of love from each " fair she,"
Till from the heaving bosom's core
Pour words of wrath unheard before—
" Hang the vile, worthless wretch! I'm sure
" Ev'n *merit* is not now secure;
" And *I—myself*—can scarcely hope
" To 'scape the spider's boundless scope!

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" All things considered too, her mien
" Is—better than it might have been ;
" A little crooked—but the shoulder
" May straighten as the girl grows older,—
" And tho' she stutters, yet her voice,
—" Tho' it might never be *my* choice,—
" Is not so bad—and for her hair,
" With something more of *Perry's* care,
" I think it yet might smooth and curl ;—
" But why condemn the charming girl,
" For figure, face, or voice, or feature ?—
" At best, they're but the gifts of nature,—
" And tho' to some—her chosen few—
" Her dear elect—Lesbia like you"—
(" Or you, dear cousin of my heart,")
" She loves her graces to impart,
" *We*, as in gratitude—*n'emporte*—
" But Slander is a wicked sport !—
" And for the girl—I've seen a score
" Much worse and uglier before !"——

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—Whilst with solicitude's sweet strain
They seek to steal the sting from pain—
The passing eye, the passing ear,
Might deem their sympathy sincere;—
But did you for an instant mark
The ill screened sneer—the latent spark,
You'd own in every bitter jibe
The spirit of the faithless tribe!

Now ceremony past and gone,
Gallants! the motley groupe lead on;
Whilst here, impartial and sincere,
Shall good and bad—by truth I swear!
Alternately displayed appear.
—"Vanguard to right and left unfold!" *
And first of Fashion's chiefs enrolled,
With gentle dignity of gait,
And breast with conscious worth elate,

* "Vanguard to right and left the front unfold."
PAR. LOST.

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See B—K—Y comes;—the gay, the free,
Polished, gallant:—and with an air
Of courtly mood he bends the knee
In ceaseless homage to the fair—
With "baited breath" and sighs of guile
He swears he lives but in her smile
And that "the world itself were dim" *
"Shone not that heavenly light for him;—
"That Bards may sing, as Bards have sung,
"Of more than earthly Paradise,
"O'er which the Prophet's spirit flung
"The holy beams of Houris' eyes;
"—But never yet, in Fancy's dream,
"Or Poet's visioned glimpse of Heaven,
"Shone there so pure, so bright a beam
"As to those eyes by Love was given:
"—No sylphid spirit of the air
"Could boast a form so heavenly fair,—

* A favorite quotation of the C——l's, as I am told.

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" Nor lips of such immortal bloom,
" Nor sighs of such divine perfume,—
" Nor cheek of roseate teint—nor neck,
" So snowy white—which but to deck
" The gems from India's deepest mine
" Would all too faint and feebly shine!"
Such is the flatterer's strain of sooth—
And such the strain—oh, rose of youth!
Oh, flower of beauty! haste away,
Or both are ruined if you stay!
—Fly ere he clasp thy snowy zone,
Or mourn for aye its whiteness flown!
Scorn not the chilling breath that now
From Virtue's lips would cool that brow,
All blushing at your beauty's praise,
And crimsoned o'er with fevered flush;—
Oh, fly at once the tempter's gaze,
Or never lose that burning blush!
—Pledged to her sacred task, my Muse
Truth's spotless radiance would diffuse,

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And, forced in justice to condemn,
Whispers " Ex *pede* Heroulem."

* * * * * * *

* * * * * * *

Not to this scene are yet confined
The triumphs of his *playful* mind,
But in Thalia's festive court,
He leads the gay and laughing sport;
With graceful air and classic art
He paints the picture of the heart;
And in Petruchio's frantic mood,
And sly Iago's thirst for blood,
With varied excellence displays
His scenic craft, and rivals Bayes:
Whilst in the gay and mirthful Prince
His spirit glories to evince
The soul of elegance and fire,
Whose very sighs with grace respire,
The airy sprite of whim and glee—
The sheer " true prince " of drollery,

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That, in his own peculiar air,
As in a suit of brilliants, shone
Sparkling all over, till the player
And Harry Bolingbroke seemed one!
—" Here break we off!"—at sounds of pleasure,
" The coach, Sir, waits; the ball's begun;"
And now the Waltz's *modest* measure
My eyes are doomed to feast upon!
Farewell content, and welcome spleen,
To fit me for the giddy scene!
Oh, for your study's peaceful nook!
Where blest with thee, with bowl and book
No fiddler's grinding could disturb us,
But all be peace,—so prays

ACERBUS.

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LETTER III.

FROM MISS DOLLY SKETCH TO MISS BIDDY FUDGE.

———'s Boarding House, Cheltenham, May, 1820.

I BLUSH, my dear Biddy! to think of the time
Your letter unanswered has stared in my face,
And now in a fit between prosing and rhyme,
I sit down to implore my dear Biddy, "*mille grace.*"
The truth is "young K—R—N," (you know him, my love,
The shade of a man—seen, like pasteboard, to move
When we girls pull the string — since each exquisite motion
Must be roused by a smile,—for his inward devotion—

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"*L'Amour propre*," I mean, has so addled his brains
That but little of memory's essence remains.)
But the truth is,—he promised to get me a frank
That his friend, my Lord Trifle, had promised him—
blank.—
And so long have I waited, that patience at last,
Worn out in the service, has bid me adieu;
And now with a heart-soothing sigh to the past,
And a hope for the future—I turn, love! to you.
Oh, fear not forgetfulness ever can dim
The pure radiance of friendship that glows in my
heart,
Our joy-cup may bitterly taste at the brim,
But the sweets at the bottom will never depart!
My PA's still in London— you've heard I suppose
Of his trip to dear *Paris*?—oh, nobody knows
How I longed to go with him! to trace o'er again
The scenes which my Biddy once bless'd in a strain
Of such elegant verse, that I vow and declare
I often have thought that a little French air,

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As it made such a heavenly poet of you,
Might inspire your poor DOLLY'S imagining too!
Only think of MAMA,—who, ill-natured for once,
Took it most pertinaciously into her sconce
To protest "on her soul," not one step should I
budge,
"Only think," she exclaimed, "of your friend BIDDY
"FUDGE,
"And her calico-hero—his whiskers and gaiters,
"And his ugly bald pate, she with laurels would
"cover!
"And oh, should some wretch of those vile *petits*
"*maitres*,
"Be transmogrified into my dear DOLLY'S lover—
"A shock such as that, I should never recover!"

Oh, Biddy, how could you romance so, my child,
What a feast of delight for poor Dolly you've spoiled!
So my fate was decided, and here I remain,
Like a sorrowful turtle to brood o'er my chain.

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Well, it's mighty provoking, I vow and protest,
That a girl of my spirit should thus be oppress't!
And now, by my hopes of a husband I swear,
That the very first fellow who fancies me fair—
—Oh, dear! here's mama—so the sentence must stay
Unfinished, alas! 'till some happier day.
—In my last, love, I told you the rapture and joy
My aunt felt in the birth of her dear little boy,
But what are our raptures, our joys, and our blisses,
If thro' life they are transient and fleeting as this is?
For the poor darling infant but lived to excite
The very first smile of maternal delight,
When the angel of death bore the cherub away
To its place in the realms of eternity's ray!
—We've persuaded my aunt for a time to remove—
Change of scene may do much, you know, Biddy, my love!
And thus we're kept busy the live-long day cheering
Her spirit with all that's polite and endearing.

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But I go to the balls—for 'tis true, flesh and blood
Can never resist them; and then, love, you know
That my staying at home's of no possible good,—
And I candidly told the poor sufferer so.
—There's another great loss in our family here,
My old uncle M———, good natured old dear!
I think I have seen him somewhere at a ball,
Or dear Lady Do Little's "at home"—but that's all;
And to grieve for so mere an acquaintance—such folly
Ne'er entered the head or the heart of your Dolly.
—Oh, Biddy, my love! what a fancy is mine!
Here vanity's out of the question completely—
My invention, dear creature, you'll own is divine,
When I tell you the thought that came over me lately.
—As your poets, who now, like the gods of the sphere,
Call boldly about for what seasons they chuse,
And can bid clouds or sun-shine alternate appear
To cover the charms of each whimsical Muse,—

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Why should not we girls, who are Muses ourselves,
Have prerogatives more than a match for those elves?
And roam thro' this world in what fancies and airs
May suit our caprices,—and think for a minute
At the very next *route* to run briskly up stairs
Arrayed in true splendor—there's nought amiss in it,
In new *mantles of sun-beams**—and oh, what a thought,
If pelisses were made out of *comets*, my dear!
Frosts, climate and cold we might then set at nought,
And dread Lapland no more than the vale of Cashmere.
Then hear my device for a new *nether* garment—
So elastic and light, love, and not the least harm in't;
Could we manage such cobwebs, as drily we're told
Saved the Saint† from the fate of a martyr of old,

* This was probably suggested by a line in "Lalla Rookh,"

"In sleepy sunshine *mantling* all."

† Saint Francis,—who is said to have been preserved from the rage of his persecutors, and concealed in the cre-

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Concealing the chink in the wall, where *perdu*,
His reverence was screened most divinely from
view:
Only think, with our figures adorned by the Graces,
And our charms kept so pliantly tight in their places,
Like a groupe of young Sylphs upon earth we should
rove,
And call into being Enchantment and Love!*

Adieu, my dear Biddy!—this magical thought
Replete with such fancy can ne'er be forgot—

vice of a wall "over which a thick and impervious cobweb was miraculously spread, and covered the chink from sight."—Ribadaneira's Lives of the Saints.

* One might almost imagine that Miss Dolly's classical knowledge was considerable—for this thought seems nearly borrowed from a passage of Jovianus Pontanus, which I subjoin for the edification of the curious:

"Nam quid lacteolus sinus et ipsas
Par te fers, sine linteo papillas?
Hoc est dicere posce, posce trado,
Hoc est ad Veneram vocare amantes!"—P. Q.

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But now the post waits—and I scarcely have time
To search for a neat little finishing rhyme,
To tell you how dearly—how truly and wholly
I'm your faithful, devoted, affectionate

DOLLY.

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LETTER IV.

FROM ACERBUS SKETCH, ESQ. TO ————————

————'s Boarding House, Cheltenham, May 25, 1820.

WHAT! can the gay and innocent dance,
No longer charm the soul of pleasure,
Unless from pestilential France
It brings contagion in each measure?
Or from Italia's glowing sky,
(Lascivious element of joy!)
Brings all the charm of dangerous sighs
That breathe like Passion's symphonies,
Whilst *looks keep time*, and glowing rays
Of Feeling light us down the maze;
Whilst mingling lips, and cheeks, and faces,
And silent thrills—and mute embraces,

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Like kind *mnemonics* seem to set
Their seal upon the lore of art;—
And who could e'er those rules forget
He got so rapturously by heart?—
Away they start, in aerial flings,
As if their very heels had wings!—
Now on one leg the gallant twirls,
Whilst Ma'amselle titivates her curls;—
Then, up again with sylphid bound
She springs, as tho' she scorned the ground,—
High o'er our heads—(but Fancy spares
An *exposé* of such affairs!)—
—Can this be grace? oh, gentle dame!
To whom I owe this fleshy frame,
Kind Nature! hear me thus entreat,
Whene'er I find my recreant feet
Betray me to one agile pace,
One motion of *such* polished grace,—
Fill them all o'er with cramps and twinges,
'Till all their joints, like rusty hinges,

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Stiff in their sockets slowly grate,—
Be this their punishment—their fate!
—But lo! the D--W--G--R appears,
Unfading in the vale of years,
With spirits unsubdued by time,
And gay as in her lovely prime,
With all youth's sprightliness and bloom,
She dances lightly o'er her tomb;
And in her slow declining hours
Scatters her church-yard path with flowers——*
Whilst like an everlasting rose
In life's Septembrian she glows.—
Time could not yet the spell disarm,
That mantles o'er her cheek the while,
But dazzled by "her eye's dark charm,"†
Sleeps in the sunshine of her smile!—

* "Si la vie humaine n'est qu'une passage, semons au "moins des fleures."

† "Her eye's dark charm 'twere vain to tell
"But gaze on that of the gazelle
"And it will aid your fancy well."
BYRON'S GIAOUR.

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O, si sic omnia!—would to Heaven
To flower so fair, no thorn were given!
No baneful canker planted deep
In the heart's core; no worm to creep
With slow, decaying, mouldering touch
Destroying all that charmed so much!

Like frost contrasted with the hue,
The mellow golden teints of Even,
When sun-set sends its first adieu
In blushing richness over Heaven:—
Or like the prickly holly shewn
Beside an Autumn-rose o'erblown,
See simpering, busy B—— M——N,
Spying out loop-holes for his jargon;
Pert, chattering, dry, and crabbed still,
As any antiquated maid
Who deems her hopes and better will
Like MAHMOUD'S Heaven are but delayed:
—M——N, if, spite of years and wrinkles,
Which age with ruthless rigour sprinkles,

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Thou mad'st not oft *fair-fame* thy *food*,
And Scandal thy unhallow'd diet,—
Or spared'st even the fair and good,
I had not now disturbed thy quiet;
But left thee in thy life's decline
Unhonored with a *niche* in song,
Like a prim *Evergreen* to shine
The parterre's lovelier sweets among!
M——N, I've long been in your debt,
Say, are you unrequited yet?—
—Hence from my sight!—for spruce and gaily
I vow here comes dear LADY H——Y,
The very essence of good nature,
With kind good will in ev'ry feature,
A cordial heart in every look,
A cheerful mind in every tone,—
A soul that Fortune never shook,
A spirit, Friendship calls her own!
Sincere and social—Worth like her's
Even Envy's self from rancour spares;

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Without one care upon her brow,
One thought beyond the present *now*,
She smiles at Age—his wrath defies
And speeds with mirth the path he flies!

Lo! with what jantee foppish carriage,
Like a gay bridegroom after marriage,
The Copper C——N K——N capers,
Whilst like a cone his waste he tapers,
With outstretched limb, his silken hose,
And symmetry of calf he shews;—
What tho' by Nature never meant
For passion, thought, or sentiment,
Yet, could he be content to school
His faculties to play the fool,
Or silly gentleman alone—
He has a merit—*all his own*;—
Giving to less than nothingness
The shade of Folly's quaintest dress—

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So stultified in look and mien
  The veriest moon-calf of the scene!
And thus—he labours to excite
An ogle or a smile at most,
Mistaking mockery for the light
  Of lady's looks—his ceaseless boast,
As chattering 'midst the belles and beaux
  He pokes his head be-curled all over,
And looks a vender of old clothes,
  Rather than gay gallant, or lover!
Enough!—from his unmeaning smile
I turn—and gladly greet the while
A form which loveliness and grace
Have made their chosen resting place,
Oh! G***, within whose sparkling eyes
The spell of passion deeply lies,
And sparkles in each brilliant glance
That lights thy glowing countenance,
  Were these alone my votive theme,
Thy form, thy face, thy looks of love—

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The grace that shines whene'er you move,—
Cold even impassioned song would seem;—
Cold as the icicles that cling
To some fair flower in early Spring,
Till noontide's more congenial ray
Melt them in lucid gems away!
It were a task of joy to me
To weave a chaplet worthy thee,
And upon Fancy's richest shrine,
Like thine own spirit see it shine,
" Exempt from every weak decay
" That withers vulgar souls away!"*
—I own your charms, nor am I blind
To all the tenderness of mind,
The feelings undisturbed by art
That slumber in your thoughtless heart,
Like the pure ore that deeply lies
Hid from the passing stranger's eyes,

* Moore's Anacreon.

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Whilst on the surface of the mine
Some sparks of dross are seen to shine.
—Hence to the shade! ere womanhood
With chilling dews comes o'er your blood;—
Haste, whilst your mind one stem retains
  That ne'er has bathed in fashion's stream—
Whilst one crude cluster yet remains
  Untinged by art's maturing beam:
And in retirement's calm seclusion,
Free from the flatterer's sweet delusion,
In Reason's academic shade,
Call taste and judgment to your aid;
And as before your chastened view
Nature appears all brightly new,
Or your mind's tablet, purely white,
  Let feeling trace each fond impression—
Each new sensation of delight,
  Each germ of newly born expression;
And be this precept on your breast
In golden characters impressed—

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" To Nature and yourself appeal,
" Nor learn of others what to feel!"

—Here close we now, whilst beauty's form
Retains its all persuasive charm,
And soothes me into milder thought,
Than scenes of fashion ever brought!
—Farewell! farewell! when shall we meet?—
I long thy cordial smile to greet,
In solitude, where frank and free
My heart may ope itself to thee,
And flinging every care away,
Laugh o'er the follies of the day;—
Forget the crowd, whose mere *ennui*
Is worse than apathy to me—
And in thy friendly converse find
" The feast of reason," and of mind.—
—Thine, whilst the breath of life I fetch,
Faithfully thine,

ACERBUS SKETCH.

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LETTER V.

FROM C—L—L M—L—D OF C——KS, TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE THE EARL OF P—F—T.

C ——lle, near Cheltenham, ——— ,1819.

In my last—that's my first to my ever dear Lord!
Wherein I poured forth like an exquisite bird
Such ravishing, sweet, and enrapturing things,
As my pen had been cut from a nightingale's wings!
I was strictly poetic—but now I'll descend
To a trifle of common-sense—such as my friend
Of the goosequill fraternity scribbles at times,
Of poetry dreaming in common-place rhymes;
Poor H——n, I mean—my dear lord! by the bye
I'm in want of a Sec. and I've him in my eye;—

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If I had but a sinecure, now, to bestow—
A trifle—a couple of hundred or so;—
And what with my *tournure*,* my train of discerning—
And my bundles of facts—how my spirit is yearning
To give to the world all my axioms historical—
So elegant—polished—and quite metaphorical,
That scarcely require to be proved—tho' logicians†
Dispute on this point with *WE*, great politicians;
Then my mode of narration—perhaps too concise
And my system and style—you'll own clearly precise—
I think in a twelvemonth or so, with attention,
And my genius—I blush at this moment to mention—
The lad could compile, and prepare for the press
Such a quarto of wonderful wonderfulness!—
Would he be but satirical!—trust me, my Lord,
On the hone of my wit like a double-edged sword,

* "Une *tournure* plein de grace."
DE STAEL,—*Corinne*, tom. 1. p. 21.

† WATTS, for instance, says, "If the subject be *historical*, or a *matter of fact*, we may then enquire *whether the action was done at all*."—*Logic*, ch. vi. § 9. p. 97.

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I'd polish his mind;—but the fellow's so lazy
He sets me at times most infernally crazy;—
But I fancy this Spring-time will settle his pate,
And then, in the sunshine of genius elate,
He'll reflect all my talents*—and give to the world
The true standard of history proudly unfurled!—

I'd a gossip last week with the Chevalier W—x—ll,
About "Memoirs" and stories, he means to prove
facts all;
He declares, "tho' now *lying perdu*, he's preparing
"Some anecdotes incontrovertibly glaring;—
"But not deeming it safe or convenient, to trench
"Any more on the *comforts* and *ease* of the Bench,
"His next shall be posthumous labours forsooth,
"And establish for ever his candour and truth.
"For though he now slumbers his country shall find
"It is only in seeming—his powerful mind

* "For who could bask him in the sun,
"Nor be like light to look upon!"

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" For a time may appear most complaisantly pliant,
" And affecting to doze, he shall rise like the giant,
" And the P—— shall be ruin'd, and ministers dish'd,
" When his spirit shall start from its slumbers refresh'd!"
—Well, well, let him write, my dear Lord!—*entre nous*,
Has your Lordship forgotten that famous *Review?*
No. ———— 'Faith it needs no small nerve
Such a notice as *that*, my dear Lord! to deserve.
Only wait 'till these crabbed reviewers attempt
To look on *my* BOOK!! with an air of contempt—
As soon shall the doomsday arrive, or Greek Kalends,
Ere they cease to pay homage to *my* mighty talents.—
With ancient COPERNICUS, M—K—Y* may quarrel,
And write about VENUS, till VENUS grows dim,

* J. L. M—k—y, Esq. author of several *luminous* treatises on the *planets*; and an expounder of the *solar* system; a prodigious admirer of fish—and claims descent from the noble family of RAY—Wherefore I venerate him. He is also an essayist on finance.

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May contend with V—s—TT—T himself, for the laurel,
And settle the NATIONAL DEBT—with a *whim*!—
And the bard of "*The Glenfall*," himself scribble on,—
But, oh, when these little ephemera are gone,
And forgotten their works, and the sound of each name,
My memory shall flourish, for ever the same!
And *my* name from the banks of the *Chelt* shall resound,
Whilst a tide's in the stream, or a twig in the ground,—
Till the memory† of ECHO itself is no more,
And nature forgets to demand an *encore!*
—You never need wonder if Genius like mine
Should to learning, *belles-lettres*,—and such things incline;
And hence you may guess the chief things I delight in,
Are writing and reading,—and reading and writing—

† "Je redemandois LAURE a l'echo du vallon,
"Et l'echo n'avoit point oublié ce doux nom.—"

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And my F--RA declares that my turn for digression,*
And my varying narration, quite baffle expression.—
You know your friend F--RA, dear amiable creature,
—With talent and judgment and wit in each feature,
So majestic, and dignified—Lord! 'tis a pleasure
To see her lead off in the Waltz's gay measure—
And her sense—and her shrewdness—at onee you discover,
From the top to the toe she's her mother all over!
—*Apropos*, a discovery lately I've hit on,
That critics and lawyers have puzzled their wit on;
That has posed all the world, and would pose it again,
If it were not for me, and my deep going brain.—
T'other day, that sweet model of friendship, THE JUDGE,
Looking over the exquisite letters of "FUDGE,"—

* "Je dois avertir unefois pour toutes, que je me suis permis de changer quelquefois *la suite de la narration*, lorsque j'ai cru pouvoir y mettre plus d'ordre, et amener les evénemens avec plus de vraisemblance et d'interet."
Redacteur d'Amadis de Gaul.

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(Very much in my style, and *tournure*,—tho' 'tis clear
They're *not* written by me—as will straightways
appear.)
"They are wrote"—said the JUDGE—(and to me 'tis
most sweet
His eloquent eloquence long to repeat,)
"They are written, I swear, by that Genius of fire
"That has wakened the chords of his country's loved
"lyre;
"That elastical spirit of song that has sent
"Its breath of delight o'er the hushed firmament—
"They were written, (and mercy defend us from evil!)
"As Erasmus would say,* by "Tom M--RE or the
"Devil!"

* The learned Judge, of whose name I am ignorant, alludes, I suppose, to the following anecdote. When ERASMUS was in London, he and MORE unwittingly met at a dinner party. MORE recognizing ERASMUS by his extreme wit, said to him in Latin, (then the familiar language of the learned) "*Aut* ERASMUS *es, aut nullus*"—ERASMUS making a like discovery, answered, "*Aut* MORUS *es, aut diabolus!*"—P.Q.

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—How our J-ss-y did laugh, the mellifluent dear,
As I whispered my fortunate hit in her ear,
And she owned the discovery was worthy alone,
Of a mind so discerning and keen as my own—
And I candidly think J-ss-y cannot be wrong,
For to her all the talents and wisdom belong
By heretical† claim, that have shone thro' *my* life
With adventures romantic, and politic, rife;—
For search England all over, 'twill sadly distress ye,
To find one with such genius and mind as my J-ss-y.
So concluding with blessings, more fervent than loud,
I'm my ever dear Lord's most attached

J—— M———D
of C———KS.

† Somewhat loose in the orthography. I presume this should be *hereditary*.—P.Q.

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LETTER VI.

FROM HARRY SKETCH, ESQ.,* TO ROBERT FUDGE, ESQ.

At length, Bob, escaped from the dust of the schools,
And oh, worst, from that dust of a prig, my old tutor,
Having breathed my *adieus* to the quizzical fools,
And stifled in mirth the "*ne crepida sutor*"—
Having now bid a lasting farewell to my books,
And escaped from the bore and the trammels of college,
Here, *self-rusticated*, 'midst fountains and brooks,
Henceforth I shall find my *Pieria* of knowledge,

* This letter, I regret to say, is the only one I can find from so classical a hand.—P. Q.

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My preceptor be PLEASURE—but oh, PROVOST REASON,
May no *Vice* e'er impose on my heart a *by-law;*
My *term-time* shall be in the height of the season,
And my grave *morning-lecture* a lounge at the Spa.
With health for my *bed-maker* here shall I dwell,—
After all, BOB, be NATURE my blest *Alma Mater*,
That "truth lurks *at the bottom*," your Quidnuncs may tell,
Here for once she is found at *the top of the Well*,
Solving *medical problems*, with CHELTENHAM WATER.
—Now hang it! to think how this musty phraseology
Sticks to our style in iambics or prose—
Like our chaplain, whose head was so stuffed with naseology
He incessantly snuffled us into repose!—
Mais allons! BOB, my lad, if you've finished your whet
Of cold sirloin, or ham, which I fancy you now

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Substitute for the "*déjeûner à la fourchette*,"
(Since "*necessitas non habet legem*" you know,)
If your stays are laced on, and your pins all in order,
Your collar set tight—your head *cheveux de frise'd*,
As I have not *your* knack of describing a larder,
Let's seek other game,—and if souls could be pleased—
(That's the soul of a thorough-bred *gourmand*, like you,
Who can fancy nought exquisite save your *ragout*,)
With the beauties that Nature luxuriantly flings
O'er this valley of brightness—*the vale of the springs!*
—But no,—'tis in vain that my pen would pourtray
The scenes that for ever are sparkling and gay;
Where SPRING, fondly mingling his sunshine and showers,
With his garland of myrtles, sheds freshness and bloom;—
Where SUMMER lays smiling on wild beds of flowers,
And WINTER forgets all his chillness and gloom;

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Then fancy, dear BOB, how enchantingly blithe
Ruddy AUTUMN looks out, o'er the hill and the dale—
Now shaking fruit clusters—now whetting his scythe,
Whilst the wheaten field gorgeously waves in the gale!
—Come hither, come hither, tho' Nature herself,
May lavish her bounties and beauties in vain,
Yet Fashion, the queen of each dandified elf,
Invites you to swell out her glittering train!
There's nought here but bustle, and hurry, and strife,
Plays, concerts, and balls,—how you smile at the sound!
Good humour and pleasure at emulous strife,
And Mirth gaily tinkling his joy-bells around.
—But here break we off, for the present, my boy!
Only come, and a glimpse of our happiness catch—
And if you don't linger and taste of our joy
Ne'er trust to your truly attached,

HARRY SKETCH.

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LETTER VII.

FROM C—L—L M—L—D OF C———KS, TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF P—F—T.

C ——lle, near Cheltenham, 1820.

I TOLD you, my Lord! how the matter would end,
In the last most delectable letter I penned
To your amiable Lordship,—so candid, sincere
And so full of prediction—when lo! the *Courier** -
Has just ta'en myself, and my pamphlet in hand,
And spread our just merits all over the land.
It could not be otherwise—rich as I seem
With exuberant images freshly to teem;
With that "*second hand sense*,"† which you know
I possess,
In a bountiful, liberal, and beauteous excess,

* See a brief notice in a recent *Courier*, of "AN ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND, &c. &c. &c.!!" which has made much noise in the *highest politicel circles*, to whom it was submitted *confidentially* and *officially*, as well in print, as autographically.

† "*Fancy* is but *sense* at *second hand*."
WATTS's *Logic*, p. 155.

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From whence my *revealed inspirations**come flowing,
And *prophesies*†—may be fulfill'd—there's no know-
ing,
And my coinage of words never heard of in print,
So sterling and current—not him of the MINT,
With his little initials stuck close to the sovereign,
(To shew if not King—he was worthy to govern,)
Like me can escape from these counterfeit ninnies;
(So far does my paper outvalue your guineas.)
—How WATTS would rejoice at the *verboversation*†
That *my* MEMOIRS will scatter all over the nation;
And as THURLOW‡ exclaims, "I will build me a
"wall
"Of fame in our language," that never shall fall,
Till time extirps fame, learning, language and all!

* "A thousand *pretended prophesies* and *inspirations*, and all the *freaks of enthusiasm* have been derived from *this* spring."—WATTS's *Logic*, p. 15.

† "It is a considerable advantage to any language to have a *variety of new words* introduced into it."—*Ibid*, p. 77.

‡ THURLOW, Lord.

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—And now I'll unburthen my bosom at once,
And pour out the pretensions and schemes of my sconce—
Since my style's so transcendently brilliant of late,
And is now—as Swift says—*ministerially great*†,
I know 'tis immortal—I swear by the Lord!
For nobility graces my oath like a sword—
What a *star*-beaming thought!—but nobility ever
Makes all my ideas prodigiously clever!
With a COMMONER, *common-place*, still is my style,
Whilst a KNIGHT, I *illume* with beneficent smile;
With a BARONET easy, genteel and improving,—
But the sound of "MY LORD!"—oh Lord, who can help loving!
Respecting a BARON, the hand of an EARL
My hand should approach like a delicate pearl;

† "I have observed of late the style of *some great ministers* very much to excel that of other productions."—SWIFT *on the English Tongue.*

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—There's another idea, a simile too!
I've some very fine thoughts—but that's all *Entre nous*,
For there's nothing like confidence—thus by gradations
I soar to the aëry of ROYALTY'S stations,
Still trembling—and trembling—as higher and higher
My beloved ambition should bid me aspire!—†

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

* * * * * * * * with glory redound,
And MY KING and *my wishes* together be crowned!
Whilst the pathos in which my ideas are clad,
Like that famous musician,‡ may drive people mad;
For this was the very just compliment poured
From the lips of a genius, to whom, my dear Lord!

† The illegibility of this part of the MS. completely baffles my power of deciphering—and the *hiatus* is not only perplexing, but important.—P. Q.

‡ NIEUWENLYT mentions a musician at Venice, who excelled in the pathetic to such a degree, as to play his auditors into distraction.

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I must now introduce you—a man of prodigious,
Amazing, astonishing notions, religious—
Monsieur J——é I mean, whom in Holland I met,
In days of such sweetness—I ne'er can forget,
Such moments delicious—I swear by SAINT LOUIS
I've been all my life since "*plus parfaitement*
"*enjoué*"—
—But now with most loyal effusions that burn,
To MY KING—may GOD BLESS HIM! I fervently
turn:—
Save thy Grace!—oh my King! oh my Jove!* save
thy Grace!
Let me catch the benevolent light of thy face!

* This is, I fear, a plagiary—and an unlucky one. The last time Falstaff was permitted to approach his quondam boon companion, the mad cap royal HAL, on his accession to the throne, he exclaimed,

"My King! my Jove! I speak to thee my heart!"
HENRY IV. PART 2.

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As I pray YOU, *my* GRAND and ILLUSTRIOUS SOVEREIGN,
All alone by YOURSELF, your good subjects may govern,
Whilst your power, sent forth in *one* beautiful beam,
Like your monarchs* of old, should be solely supreme!
There can't be a doubt—had this been the arrangement,
When your Grace held the reins, in *a certain* derangement,
(Which my delicate feelings forbid me to mention,)
That a certain deserving, but nameless old friend,
Had not been so spurvily used in the end,
But had long since enjoyed a magnificent pension.
Yet I scorn to complain, and I therefore propose,
A new royal fashion for royalty's clothes

* In the work of James I. entitled, "True Law of Free Monarchies," it is laid down that "a *Free monarchy* is one in which the monarch is perfectly free to *do as he pleases.*"

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—First, His Majesty's peruke I fain would behold
Like the wig of Commodus* bedizened with gold,
Stuck with glue aromatic profusely, to show
Like *Jove's shower of gold* from the crown to the toe—
(And should some young Danae's miraculous fate,
Since old women have got out of fashion of late,
Have charms for a *Jupiter Tonans* like him,
And reviving the passions of warm fifty-eight,
Shoot electrical fire throughout every limb,
Dispelling the gout and all treason-like tumours,
By a rapid decoction of happier humours,
What delight in that magical shower to rove,
Unseen by the world to the arms of his love,
The true representative here of King Jove!)
From a pure block of gold they should carve out his crown,
His vest should be wove from the eagle-wing's down,

* The peruke of the Emperor Commodus was said to have been greased with glutinous perfumes, and powdered with scrapings of gold.

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(At once his most merciful mind to set forth,)
And studded with rubies—and each ruby worth
The most opulent powerful kingdom on earth.—
In a mantle of ermine, with diamonds set o'er,
I would robe the magnificent king I adore—
—His stockings spun-silver, with brilliants high clock'd—
And his shoes, made of lamb-skin, with pearls richly stocked.—
There's a dress somewhat worthy his judgment and *goat*,
From the crown on his head to the sole on his shoe.
Then his throne should exceed in magnanimous state
Even that royal chair on which *Lucifer** sate,

* "High on a throne of state which far
"Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
"Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand
"Show'rs on her kings barbaric pearls and gold,
"Satan exalted sate."

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

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Outshining in wealth and magnificence far
The wealth of all *Ind*, and that ravishing star
Whilst gorgeously shines o'er the mines of the east,
(What a mind mine must be—so resplendent in taste!)
Or the treasures of *Ormus*,—or barbaric gold,
Or pearls, gems, or diamonds!—oh senseless and cold,
Is the fancy that vainly would seek to compare
All that's brightest on earth with *my* SOVEREIGN'S chair!—
—Oh, did *I* but manage our GRAND CORONATION,
To say nought of the heart-feeling gratification,
The glory and fame of this most famous nation
Were established for ever—and then the NEW RESIDENCE
For royalty's self that out rivals all precedents.
And I think I may boast without danger of raillery,
That *my* novel design for a NATIONAL GALLERY,
(Where amongst other trophies of Genius divine
My works might be laid on antiquity's shrine,)

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Is the best, most original, wise and discreet,
Of all thoughts that past, present, or future affords;
And when in one soul such superb talents meet,
I appeal, ev'n to you, my discreetest of Lords!
If my KING or my *Country*—my *Land* or my PRINCE,
Can ever sufficiently nobly evince
Their just sense of my merits?—oh were I appointed
To present to all EUROPE the LORD'S own ANOINTED,
On so firm, so secure, and so safe a foundation,
I'd settle the peaceable peace of each nation,
That my zeal and my genius should both be rewarded,
And my name on a pillar of brass be recorded!—
I know my appointment must come, soon or late,
As *chief autograph Sec.* to his M—j—y's state—
For they ca'nt do without me, 'tis clear and 'tis plain,
As I tell them, and tell them, and tell them again—
Since the ruin of one mighty empire or more—
(As I've told them, and told them, and told them before)—

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Might once have been saved, had they listened to me,
And chosen *my* PRINCE mediator to be
As once I proposed him, in staunch opposition,
To great SANDY of RUSSIA—that *autocratician**
—But at once, my dear Lord! I conclude—"VIVAT
"REX!"—
Prays his proudly attached

J— M—D. of C——KS.

* This word is neither in Johnson, Sheridan, Bailey nor Walker,—*passim*.—P. Q.

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LETTER VIII.

FROM ACERBUS SKETCH, ESQ. TO ———

With beauty's smile, we parted last—
With beauty's smile we meet again,—
And where that light has once been cast,
Oh never come the clouds of pain!
Then urge with me the ardent prayer
That one so innocently fair
As Fr—nks, (whose most bewitching air
Is sparkling now before mine eye),
May never breathe one burning sigh—
May never shed one bitter tear!
But blooming bright and blest as now
May Time, in many an added year,
Twine fresher glarlands o'er her brow!

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And her young spirit's truth impart
Gladness to some as virtuous heart;
Whilst every blushing charm and grace,
And every sweet smile of her face,
Reflected in an infant race
Of Love's true pledges may we see!—
—Fr-nks, with this prayer I set thee free!—

—Ha! mighty Mister Humdrum Mumble!—
Your most obedient very humble;
Could bloated self-sufficiency
A smattering of gentility,
An air *dégagé*, and a mind
Nor coarsely vulgar, nor refined,
Could qualities like these atone
For wit—nor yet for wit alone,
But common sense and common spirit,
And every other earthly merit,
I might with philosophic grace
Endure your unpropitious face,

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By neither sentiment nor feeling
Illumined with the least revealing!—
—Your words in lisping mouthfuls flung
With careless bustle from your tongue,
I could endure, more patient yet,
And e'en your mirthless jokes forget:
But as it is, since never wight,
So dull, insipid, vague and trite
Was seen Dame Fashion's lists among,
I banish you the scope of song;—
And doom you to perpetual silence,
In all my lucubrations while hence—
Nor, do what e'er you will amiss,
Accord you one more strain than this.—

—Turn to that mild and gentle form
Where time has shed a mellowing charm
O'er the fell ravages of grief—
Soothing the pangs that mocked relief—
Oh, SH——K——GH! whilst the feeling mind
Esteems whate'er is good and kind;—

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Whilst sensibility remains—
And whilst the heart a pulse retains
That throbs with sympathy divine,
Esteem and sympathy be thine!
Scorning at once the gaudy aid
Of Fashion's modern masquerade,
(Misnomered *dress*, in which the fair
Shine like mock rainbows in the air,
In colours of all sorts of fashion,
And modes of every sect and nation—
From turbaned Turk, to Gallic cross—
With tinsel'd taudry toys of dross)
—Content in neat simplicity,—
From vulgar affectation free,
—And emulous alone to wear
Her spirit's emblem in her hair—
A brilliant Dove—whose plumage seems
But the reflected light that gleams
From the most pure thoughts of her heart
That in concentred lustre start,

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Forth as her spirit's emblem-dove,
Like Pallas from the head of Jove.
—Now H——c—k comes—the rude, the rough—
With face most whimsically gruff,
And with an air of boisterous jollity
Rubbing forsooth " his skirts to quality"—
—" W—c—t—r how goes it? d—mme, lad!
" But I think D—c—ie there, half mad,
" To lay the odds on R—ss—e's colt;
" S—s—t swears—he's sure to bolt.—
" Ha! B—kl—y! how dy'e do, my hearty!
" Are you for R—s's dinner party?
" Did you see C—d—g—n in town?
" Or when does C—v—nt—y come down?"
—Whilst thus in every croaking sentence,
He boasts nobility's acquaintance,
Blest but to be, or thought to be,
On terms of familiarity
With my Lord this, and that, and t'other,
" Hail fellow" with the Viscount's brother—

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Each awkward, and unpolished motion
Betrays the hardy son of Ocean –
There let him triumph—with his laurel
Kind Heaven forefend my muse should quarrel !
But let him scorn, as seamen should,
This heartless court to men, whose blood
Stamped with a lordly title flows
  In human veins, thro' mortal clay,
Such as our God's own will bestows—
  And that same will soon takes away,
  From lowlier men more blest than they !

  See ! R—YD, the timid, and the meek,
Scarce venturing our praise to seek,
Comes like the spirit of gentleness
And blushing charms—yet charms not less.
In nought supreme—but natural,
And softly sweet—and mild in all—
—At times inanimate and chill
But blandly interesting still,

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Like the calm, exquisite thoughts that Night
Brings when the cold moon's beams are bright!
And with mute lustre, like the ray
She passes lovelily away!—

Strutting like daw in peacock's plumes,
M—R—K the truncheon now assumes—
Gallant—or gal'lant—which you will,
A lover and a hero still—
A very *Anthony* in soul,
Whose conquests stretch from *poll* to *poll*—
He counts his victories by the head—
Or old, or young, he cares not whether,
Peruked or curled—unspoused or wed,
He loves them all—and all together!—
*Marshall'd** in Fashion's proud array,
Behold him, "eager for the fray,"

* I can scarcely think the crude ACERBUS given to punning, or I should imagine this was a play upon the name of the very worthy and assiduous MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES.—P. Q.

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The strifeless fray, that love despises,
Where but to win some heartless prizes
And fling them unenjoyed away,
Is all your male coquets essay!—
Here comes the bitter spleen again—
And here I close th' impartial strain,
That to your fancy may display
The motley groupe 'mongst which I stray.—
Farewell, and blessings be around
Each spot of earth on which you're found.—
Kiss your dear girls, with love to each
From theirs and yours,

ACERBUS SKETCH.

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LETTER IX.

FROM MISS DOROTHY SKETCH, TO MISS BRIDGET FUDGE.

——'s Boarding House, Cheltenham.

It's over, oh, Biddy, my darling! it's over,
I'm quite in a fever I vow and declare,
My heart beats so wildly—I ne'er shall recover—
Oh! nothing can cure me—fans—water—or air!
The deuce take the fellow! so tenderly glancing,
His eyes met with mine, and like lightning, my love,
Every pulse in my frame in a moment set dancing,
And I sank on my chair, hardly able to move!

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Lord, what a confession! to think that your Dolly
Who once frowned on love as the height of all folly,
And secure in the calm, quiet chill of her heart,
Had long baffled Cupid's most treacherous dart:
Then think, only think! Biddy dear, in a minute,
My triumph is over—my quiet is gone—
Oh, Love! thy soft smile has some witchery in it,
And never is felt 'till the bosom is won!
But you are no novice, my dear! and can feel
For the smart of that wound which no balsam can heal,
But that *lip-salve* divine, which tho' ready to die
Old "Harridan Prudery," strictly forbids
Us to ask or implore—altho' sometimes the eye
Seems to whisper soft wishes from under its lids.—
Now listen, my friend, my companion, my dear!
My Biddy so careful, discreet, and sincere,
And when you have heard the lost state of my bosom,
Oh, send me your counsels—you cannot refuse 'em:
And experience so trying as yours, well may prove
The best of all blessings to Dolly in love!

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—Last night you must know, at dear Harry's request,
I went to our own Mrs. Thingummie's rout,—
I wore—let me see—oh Lord!—how was I drest?—
In a Tilbury—what am I driving about!
No matter—but sure all the world, love, was there,—
So crowded—you scarce can imagine, my dear,—
The grave and sedate at whist, commerce, or loo,
Were fixt in their chairs—and the fair De Libu,
Was warbling those strains of enchantment and joy,
That thrill every bosom and brighten each eye;
Preparing the soul—says some learned physician,
For the fever of love, by a *pre-disposition!*
When all of a sudden *my fate* stood before me,
In the comeliest form that good humour e'er wore,
And saying, in smiles, it was Heaven to adore me,
His smiles were enough—I could ask for no more.
In a moment a strange palpitation came on,
He looked—and I looked—and we both were undone!
—Oh where is the apathy now, that I vowed
Should cover my soul, like my buried love's shroud?

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When I fancied that Love, like the slow blooming flower,
Only once in our lives could its lustre impart,
And that when it had blossomed its own little hour,
But withered and died in that hot-bed the heart!
Yet now—(and I blushingly flutter and vapour,
As I trust my most candid confession to paper,)
I feel 'tis quite possible—Lord! how I tremble—
That the exquisite passion may fondly resemble,
Let me see—a young rose, putting fragrancy forth,
And shedding its sweets, and its bloom o'er the earth,
As Tom Moore says, "as one dies away and is gone,
Another as sweet and as fragrant comes on."
And thus I will prove—(whate'er *Florian* may write*
About flames that but once can illumine our sight,—

* "Cette passion, si douce et si violente, source de plaisirs, de tourments et de délices, cette flame qui consume, et fait vivre, *ne s'allume jamais qu'une fois.* Cet attrait, ce charme irresistible, cet elan rapide de toutes les pensées, de tous les sentimens vers un seul objet, ces craintes terribles, ces vives esperances, et ces profondes douleurs pour un regard de colere, et ces ravissemens inexprimables pour un serrement de main, on ne les eprouve plus; *ils sont passés avec le premier amour.*"— Estelle, *Livre Troisieme.*

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About passions, and griefs, and delights, and regrets,
And the squeeze of the hand—that one never forgets—
And that pass, as he says, with the "*premier amour*")
That the thing is romantic—mere gossiping chatter,
—Yes, I'll prove by some truths that for ever endure,
He knows nothing at all, Biddy, dear! of the matter.
No, no, like the *Phœnix*,* expiring in flame,
On the pile of past raptures—and blisses and joy,
Love springs to new birth—and for ever the same,
His soul newly feathered, soars up to the sky!
Oh, what have I written?—ne'er trust me, my dear!
But my head, and my heart, and my nerves are so queer,
That I scarcely remember a sentence I write,
My pulses are throbbing with such a delight!
And the tumult of extasy fervently gushes
O'er my forehead and cheeks in a shower of blushes,—

* *The Phœnix* builds itself a pile of sweet wood and aromatic gums, and fires it with the wafting of its wings, and thus consumes itself; from its ashes arises a small worm which in time becomes a Phenix.

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When I think how he swore that " these bright eyes
" of mine,"
(Which *you* called, in sheer envy, insipid and grey,)
" Had a lustre so heavenly—so bright—so divine—
" They were mild as the *dove's—and as glorious
" as day!"
Oh, could I then cruelly turn them away,
Nor cast one encouraging glance on the hope
That seemed like the rose-bud of promise to ope?—
Oh no, 'tis all settled, and MA' if she will,
May refuse her consent, when he asks her to-
morrow,
But I'm his, from this hour—thro' good fortune or ill,
Thro' joy or disaster—through gladness or sorrow!
Oh, were he but near me! thus seated alone,
In my window, o'erlooking a parterre of roses,
Where the loveliest bloom that creation puts on,
The light of this rapturous moment discloses!

* " Thou hast dove's eyes."
SONG *of* SOLOMON.

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When the sweet breath of flowers is lovingly blown,
Thro' my casement's light curtain, so languidly drawn;—
And each sigh of the breeze has a balm of its own,
And each rose has the bright sparkling hue of the dawn.
Did I wish he were near me?—what, here by my side?—
With my heart fondly sighing o'er visions of bliss,
What a Heaven then were mine!—tho' it can't be denied,
Biddy, dear! tis much better, perhaps, as it is.—
Oh, hasten to-morrow! fly swiftly away,
Ye hours! that now creep with such chilling delay!
Oh, hasten to-morrow! and bring on your wings
The hope all accomplished, to which my soul clings.—
Adieu, my dear girl!—but first let me implore you
If e'er you would have a dear fellow adore you—
By your precious escape from that *calico thing*,—
By your hopes of a lover or two in the spring—

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By pangs that can't reach you—and blisses that can—
And, oh! by your ultimate hope of a man,
Affectionate, tender, and constant—and true;
Give me all your grave councils—say, what should
I DO?
Tho' 'tis settled already:—oh, pardon my folly,
And believe me 'till death, your affectionate
DOLLY.

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LETTER X.

FROM ACERBUS SKETCH, ESQ. TO ———

—— Boarding House, Cheltenham, 1820.

Not for the richest, rarest gem
Of Stamboul's gorgeous diadem,
Not for the brightest leaf that glows
Around the critic's laurell'd brows,
Would I, with heart of frozen snow,
Or soul unwarmed by pity's glow,
Disturb, in sorrow's sacred gloom
The mother mourning o'er the tomb!
Beneath whose earthly shade reposes
A spirit pure as life discloses,

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And gentle form as e'er was laid
By death within " the narrow bed,"
No, A—LL—N, let no sound assail
Thy timid ear—but some sweet gale,
Mild as the soothing voice of Eve,
Poured in soft sighs o'er those that grieve.
Dread not that censure's withering breath
Shall blight your mournful cypress wreath,
Whilst gushing from your feeling heart
The bitter drops of anguish start,—
Shed for that loved and gentle one,
To her last peaceful slumber gone—
No—lady! No—weep on, weep on,
  Like the lone flower, grief's vigil keeping,
That sinks in tears, as sinks the sun,
  And with him rises weeping!—

  But lo! where comes with gentle mien
The charm and grace of every scene,
The good, kind Lady F——, whose heart
Delights that solace to impart

Digitized by Google

Which friendship's zeal alone can pour
Into " those wounds that baffle cure;"—
Blest with most unassumed urbanity,
And free from all of earthly vanity,
See her in fashion's orb appear,
As in her own peculiar sphere:
Whilst every gesture, every feature,
Reflects her inmost soul's good-nature—
A heart to feel for others' woe—
A voice sweet solace to bestow,
A mind with more than learning stored,
Peace and good-will in every word,
The favoured, fond and faithful wife,
The blessing and the grace of life!
Oh, F—LK—R! gladly would my song
Your spirit's well won praise prolong,
Did I not fear even praise would pain
A soul so pure, so free from stain!

And see to chase away the beam
Of rapture waked by such a theme,

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The gallant chieftain of the North
Comes with most wayward impulse* forth—
Ingenious, humourous and proud,†
The "whim-inspired,"—the good M——d—
Famous amongst the author-tribe,‡
An indefatigable scribe—
But far more famous, far more known,
To all his brethren of *the Ton*,
Great with the great—but condescending,
Like his loved Prince—to all men lending
His best and warmest services:
Himself and his own rights alone,

* "Ceux qui le connoissent savent qu'il est impossible d'etre plus etranger *à toute espèce du calcul*; ses actions sont toujours l'effet d'un mouvement spontane: il comprend les choses et les hommes par une inspiration soudaine, et l'eclair plus encore que le jour, semble lui servir de guide."

DE STAEL.

‡ "An ingenious person, but proud and humourous."

WOOD's character of *Henry Vaughan*.

‡ "This gentleman was famous as any in his age for indifferent metre; but his acquaintance with the nobility was more than with the muses."—LANGBAINE's character of *R. Fleckno*.

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Shut from his thoughts—so Rumour says—
And when has Rumour partial grown?

—Hark! heard ye not the sound of joy?—
Hark! heard you not the thrilling voice
Calling forth gladness in each eye—
And bidding every heart rejoice?—
Oh, with what clear and witching tone,
On the sweet breath the spirit springs!
List! for the voice is Nature's own—
The Chieftain's lovely daughter sings!
And melody ne'er melts the soul
With half the rapture poets sung,
But when her tuneful numbers roll
In measured verse from woman's tongue!
Who could resist the charms that bind
In willing wreaths the captive mind,
When S--s--N from her liquid throat
Bids harmony around us float,
And gives to earth if e'er 'twas given,
The music of her kindred Heaven!

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—Whilst echoing the warm applause
With toothless gum and haggard jaws,
Hear you old ——— swear,
" Be it her beauty or the air,—
" Or the resistless power of song,—
" But never till this hour before
" Felt he so *buoy*-ant or so young!"
(Well said, young stripling of three score!)

—Next tripping in the gaudy train,
Coquettish, simpering, and vain,
Half woman, and half girl in air,
Come D———E, gay, young and fair!
Few summer-suns have shed the glow
Of ripening youth upon her brow,
Since in the group of " Eyases"
Her infant lispings claimed our praise—
And now the little lady springs,
Yea, from her very leading strings,*

* " Mercy on's a bairn, a very pretty bairn."
WINTER'S TALE.

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And all the tribe of girls and boys
That played with dolls, and whined for toys,
Yea, springs, at once, to ape the mood,
And full blown smile of woman-hood;
Rivalling all the smiles " and quips
" And cranks that play round Hebe's lips!"
—Deem not the bard, thou lovely one!
To cynic censure coldly prone;
Ungracious is the theme whose truth
Kindles the angry blush of youth,—
That with one tear dims Beauty's eye,
From Beauty's bosom draws one sigh:—
Yet far more dangerous are the lays,
Whose flattering falsehoods, bright with praise,
Like ivy, whose insidious spray
Clings fondly only to betray,
Choak the young virtues they embrace,
And ruin what they seem to grace!—
—What, my kind muse!—not even a smile or
Friendly glance for lovely S———r,

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—Oh, were my lays as bright as now;
The bloom that mantles o'er thy brow:
Or could my tropes and fancies curl,
Like the soft ringlets of thy hair,
Fain would my song, thou laughing* girl!
Sing of thy mirth, and call thee fair!

—Even now we part—beneath a smile
As bright as ever Beauty sent,
The tranquil bosom to beguile
With thoughts, her glances never meant:—
But oh, farewell—and should a gleam
More bright than usual haunt your pillow;
Be happy in the midnight dream—
At morn she dooms you to the willow!
Thine "till the great dome's self shall stretch
To the last crack."—

ACERBUS SKETCH.

* "Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
"Dulce loquentem." *Hor.* Ode 22. Lib. 1.

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LETTER XI.

FROM MISS DOLLY SKETCH TO MISS BIDDY FUDGE.

Cheltenham, 1820.

Oh! the morrow I longed for, has come and departed,
And now your poor Dorothy, quite broken hearted,
Sits down to unbosom herself to her Biddy—
"Well, well, did he come and propose for you, did he—?"
'Tis thus that I fancy I hear you exclaim,
Whilst my heart's fairly bursting with anger and shame.
But I'll tell you all patiently—oh, that a wretch
Such as him, should have ever beguiled Dolly Sketch!

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He promised "at twelve,—as his soul might be saved,
"He would start from his *toilette*, clean booted and
shaved,
"And precisely at ONE," (I'm particular, my love,
To record every sentence he utter'd,) "by Jove,
"He would be with MAMA, on his knees to implore
"Her benignant permission to die and adore!"—
Well, at noon-day I crept to my chamber to listen
To the sound of each footstep—each knock at the
door—
And oh, my heart trembled—my eyes fairly glisten,
As I think on the torturing delight of that hour!
But it came full of torment—and went as it came—
And a second—a third—and a fourth did the same—
Till o'ercome with suspence, I resolved not to
tarry
In misery at home,—but persuaded dear Harry
To set out on a ramble at twilight—not thinking
Of the anguish 'neath which my poor bosom was
sinking.

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Then first to the LIBRARIES, quickly we went,
My soul on my love and my charmer intent,
And sure of beholding him, pensively gazing
On the little bronze Cupid, with torch fiercely blazing
Astride of the Eagle—(at WILLIAMS'S, dear,
Where his wings ready stretched, in full feather appear;)
Or else on the dear little god we behold
From the ceiling suspended, a *Cupid of gold*—
And oh, the delight that a lover must prove
Thus to sit in his torch-light, and gaze upon love!
No—there were the Cupids—and there *the French horn*
(Imagine, dear Bid, how my bosom was torn)
Sending flame out for music—but there was not *he*,
Whose eyes and whose sighs—lips and looks were to me
All the light and the music I languished to see,
Or to hear, Biddy, dearest!—so thinking perchance,
That *Wisdom* had spell-bound my swain by her glance,

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Or transfixed him at once by the flame she sends
forth
From the top of her spear, to illumine this earth,
I lingered round BETT'SON'S *boutique* to discover,
One heavenly glimpse of my idolized lover—
But in vain did MINERVA, and even the GRACES
Shed brilliancy round them on all the dull faces
That pored o'er the news with political dullness,—
But there he was not—and my heart in the fullness
Of rage—disappointment—and anger at first,
Beat, throbbed, leaped and trembled, as if it would
burst:—
—So away to *Mont Pelier* I hastened, my dear,
In hopes that the music had lured him that way!
—Ah, no—it but came with harsh sounds on my ear,
Like the rude breath of March on the bosom of
May!—
—Then I coaxed Harry, into the splendid *Museum*,
Where nature and art all their treasures display—

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And I thought, Biddy dear! I should certainly see him
In search of "*the many stringed harp of the sea.*"*
A sort of a kind of a wonderful shell,
Caught up from a Mermaiden's magical cell.
—Ah—there was the harp—but no lover was there,
And "the song of the charmer" now turned to despair.
No—there he was not—nor yet down in the grove,
Whose shade and whose seats seem so sacred to Love!
So close by the neat Grecian Temple we past,
Whilst round me such looks of inquiry I cast,
That any but HARRY—(who's rather a dunce)
Must have found out my soul's silent secret at once—
'Till at last as I found he would never discover—
I candidly told him—so frank and discreet—
—And he swore in a fury this white-livered lover,
Like Nourmahal's false one, should "*lie* at my feet."

* *Buccinum Costatum.* A curious and excellent specimen of this shell is at present in the Museum of Messrs. *Mawe* and *Tatlow.* It is very rare.

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—Oh Lord! I'm so flurried to think of his rage,
—For I'm sure, Biddy, dear, they'll most certainly
fight,
—That my woman shall go the police to engage,
Since there *may be* a duel—Oh, Biddy, good night!

——Morning.

—Well the heroes are safe—thanks to me, my dear
girl—
And as peaceful as lambkins—I vow on my life
That considering the cause—and the wrath—and the
peril,
You never have heard of so bloodless a strife!—
But your *calico-man* was a hero all over,
A dear, idolizing, fond soul of a lover,
Compared with this dandified minion of mine,
Whom I in my ecstacy fancied divine—
For whom every danger on earth I had dared—
With whom every evil and misery shared—
And then the dear scenes of romantic delight,
That my fancy had doted on—vallies and bowers,

Digitized by Google

And a cot in the trees, shut serenely from sight—
With our sheep and our children—and banks
strew'd with flowers;—
Oh, ne'er did a poet in twenty-four hours
Conceive such divine and estatical things
As my brain conjured up in this valley of springs!
—But now—that's all over, and Dolly may wander
Unblest o'er the earth, like the *Maid of Moulines*,
With my pipe and my goat—growing fonder and
fonder,
With an EDEN around in these *serpentine scenes*.
Only think, when dear Harry vouchsafed to request,
My deluder would "candidly open his mind,
"And if one fond feeling yet lived in his breast
"He might well be assured 'twas returned in kind."
He yawned—and lisped out (with most sardonic grin
Whilst his stiff'ner completely enveloped his chin)
"That, as for the dear little angel, Miss Dolly,
"From the depth of his heart he lamented her folly.

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" 'Twas true he had bowed and looked tenderly at her,—

" That was all, 'pon his soul, that he knew of the matter,

" But if nature had been so indulgent to him

" In face and in feature—in stature and limb,

" And if the dear souls would not let him alone,

" But *would* die for his sake—what was then to be " done?"—

In short, I'm distracted—and never again
Shall tranquillity reign in my bosom or brain.
But oh! when some Bedlam receives me at last
Will my Biddy refuse a sad sigh to the past?
Or a tear to the woes of her Dolly, whose heart
In madness itself will not let her depart—
But like poor Belvidera " in madness will love her,"
(For I'm sure in my soul, I shall never recover,—)
Yes, even in my dungeon with demons beset,
And of memory bereft,—I shall never forget

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My own darling Biddy:—when laid in the straw,
Would she come and controul me—her word should
be law!
Ah, now my tears flow—with refreshing relief,
And tears are a luxury even to grief.
Tho' the bard may deny it*—oh dear, I'm much better—
And MAMA has just brought me your last darling
letter,
With your charming account of the ball and hussars.
Oh! who can help loving the heroes whose scars
And mustachios, are surely a passport to love—
Ah, cold is the heart that their sighs fail to move—
And senseless—and worthless the bosom must be
That the smile of a victor can feel, and be free!—
So, to-morrow please Heaven, MAMA bids me say
We'll start for your *chateau*—for even the delay
Of an hour seems an age of most deep melancholy,
Till my Biddy is clasped in the arms of her

DOLLY.

* "Since it is only to the happy that tears are a luxury."
LALLA ROOKH.

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LETTER XII.

FROM C—L—L M—L—D OF C—L—KS, TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF P—F—T.

WILL it please you, my dear and intelligent Lord,
Your benignant attention and grace to afford
To the urgent request which this *autograph letter*
Conveys to your Lordship,—first hoping you're better,
And your gout and rheumatics—lumbago and spleen
Dispelled by the skill of my kinsman M'Q—n
—With feelings in which I'm most cordially joined
By dear Mrs. M—L—D, whose beneficent mind
Is always contriving some excellent plan
To get you amongst us once more if we can,
I conjure and implore, for a fortnight at least,
You may be our invalued, most amiable guest;

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You *must* come, my dear Lord! if 'tis only to see,
How well with my nature these waters agree—
And we'll show you the *Lions*,—and *fête* you—and all
From day-break at the Wells, to midnight at the ball—
Since for walks and for waters,—for *beaux* and for *belles*
There's nothing in nature to rival our Wells—
Where Th—mp—n's supreme and immaculate taste
Has a Paradise formed from a wilderness waste*—
(As the poet of old most enchantingly sung
In a strain almost worthy *my* eloquent tongue—)
With his walks rectilineous, all sheltered with trees
That shut out the sun-shine, and baffle the breeze;—
And a field where the daughters of Erin may roam
In a fence of sweet briar,† and think they're at home—

* "——The desert smiled
And Paradise was opened in the wild."

† A novel illustration of MOORE's
"Wild sweet briary fence,
"Which round the garden of Erin dwells."

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—And then, lower down, in fine Leckhampton stone,
We've the fane of *Ilissus*, in miniature shown—
And crowned with *Hygeia*,—a bouncer, my Lud!
And as plump, aye as any Princess of the blood,
Carved in stone, but a good imitation of wood;—
With her vest all in plaits—like some ancient costume
Either Roman or Grecian, I fairly presume;
Tho' I cannot be *poz*;—yet I blush to confess
That her limbs are shown off, in a *little undress*—
And whilst *one* arm a serpent twines harmlessly o'er,
T'other awkwardly holds out a bason before,
From which the said serpent seems stealing by stealth,
A salubrious draught from the fountain of health,
Whilst the Goddess herself, *en bon point* as she is,
With her curls *à la grecque*, and but little *chemise*,
Is so plump and so round, my dear Lord! that 'tis plain
She must bring *the robust* into fashion again.
Then as for the waters, and crystallizations—
Concretions—secretions—and mystifications

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Take my word for't—(and if there *is* any one thing
That I do understand, 'tis a mineral spring,)
They're a healthful, and harmless—and purgative
potion,
And as purely saline as the wave of the Ocean—
Whilst their rapid effects like a ——— ———
——————————— hush! never mind—
We'll leave their effects *altogether behind!*
As down the OLD WALK with the steeple before us,
We saunter in converse most seemly decorous—
Except when we see from green alleys and rows,
Young nymphs like DIANA shoot out with their *beaux*,
Whilst their eyes shed a light on our *Crescent* I
swear
As divine as there shines round *her* crescent in air—
What a fancy! redundant with tropes, and ideas,
And a judgment that's scarcely surpassed by Æneas:—
All men have their fancies; but few so divine
You must own, my dear Lord, as this fancy of mine.

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Our friend AL—N, for instance, my Lord,—(ah, you smile)
Drives his fancy along in right *four-in-hand* style—
Equipt quite *bang-up*—with his *Benjamin*, *prime*—
And his tight buck-skin things—inexpressive in rhyme;
His *togs* all in order—complete to a pip,
And expert as a thorough-bred *knight of the whip*,
He *handles the ribbands*—and gathers the thong,
And trolling a stave of some national song,
Most knowingly *jehus* his *Scotch greys* along,
Whilst his *Coachee*, contentedly perched at his ease,
On the Dickey "does Dandy" as *prime* as you please!
Whilst the *turn-out* to finish, quite spruce and complete,
The curricle brings up the C—L—L *en suite*—
Distinguished and gallant—you know him, my Lord,
He's a Cavalry Hero—the brave *Twenty-third!*
—*His* fancy *was* glory—but then came the Peace,
That the laurels he planted, might flourish at ease.—

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Yet *fancies* will vary, and now he delights
To show off, 'mongst the Ladies, and share in our
sights,
—Whilst his greys and outriders, and qualities rare
(Of course *cash* included)—astonish the fair
Into notions, and wishes—himself and his carriage,
Would make such a pretty set-out for a marriage!
And then they come simp'ring and vapouring to call on
" Their friend—their dear, angelic friend, Mrs.
AL--N--"

* * * * * * * * †
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

Oh Lord, here's the QUEEN! here's a pretty to do—
foretold this long since —but 'tis all *entre nous ;*
So for fear that the hopes of the nation be undone,
I must post off, the very next minute to London :

† The MS. was so much defaced and slurred over, by the evident hurry and anxiety of the talented writer, that I am perfectly at a loss to decipher the passage, which I now unavoidably omit.—P. Q.

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For now is the time that my zeal and discretion,
Must settle the point,—and the innate impression
That my soul has imbibed,—were my life at the stake,
I would hazard it all for dear royalty's sake—
So adieu, my dear Lord,—we shall meet, I suppose,
At the palace—and then such a train I'll disclose
Of documents furnished by TALLEY and NAP,
That to blessings shall turn our dear master's mishap.
Adieu, *au revoir*—and may blessings attend
My dear Lord, is the prayer of his much attached friend

J. M——D
OF C——KS.

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APPENDIX.

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" This is a gift that I have, simple, simple ; a foolish, extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions. These are begot in the ventricle of memory nourished in the womb of Pia Mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion ; but the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it."

Nathaniel. LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

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LINES,

READ BEFORE A SHAKESPEREAN SOCIETY, ASSEMBLED TO COMMEMORATE THE NATIVITY OF THE IMMORTAL BARD, APRIL 23, 1819.

Written by an absent Member.

HAVE I a heart that feels?—or, have the cares
That early turn to silver my brown hairs,
Choked up the founts, whence ardent feeling springs;
Clipt Fancy's wayward and excursive wings;
And scared away those studies, arts and joys,
That were—if not Youth's riches—yet its toys?—
Have ties domestic friendship's law repealed,
And broke the bonds that young affection sealed?
Oh, no! the quickening pulse, the beating heart,
The eye that brightens, and the tears that start,

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While memory pictures by-gone scenes and hours,
Proclaim that feeling's — fancy's — friendship's powers
Still live; and now from needful slumber leap,
And rise refreshed, like giants after sleep!—

Yes—there's a banquet I was wont to share,
Which, still to think upon, disarms my care:
Yes,—there are Poets,—and ONE honoured name,
Above the rest— that kindle my soul's flame:
And there are friends, whose very names to hear
Is rapture to my heart, and music to mine ear.
There is a day when all these charms combine,—
Good friends,—sweet volumes,—temperate cups of wine,
When sentient souls their annual tribute pay
To wit and worth departed; and whose ray
Of brightness is but hallowed by the tear,
That from the cradle drops upon the bier:

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That day which gave IMMORTAL SHAKESPERE
birth,
And called him loved and honoured from the earth.*
O! could I be where these rude lines are read,
Before his altar with sweet blossoms spread,
My heart should burn its incense—and my knee
Be bent in innocent idolatry!
But absence cannot the free thought restrain;
Nor time, nor distance end my Shakespeare's reign.
I've loved him long; nay I have now forgot
The day or hour in which I loved him not.
While yet a child, perceptive though untaught,
His fairy-dreams my young attention caught;
And oft to my dear mother's breast I clung
More closely, as the well-reciting tongue
Of one who loved me would the tale disclose.
Of Hamlet's murdered Sire, or little Arthur's woes.

* William Shakespere, born April 23, 1564.—Died April 23, 1616.

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A schoolboy next, and when my growing mind
Could seek enjoyments proper to its kind,
I loved thee, Shakespere! more than youthful play,
Green fields, rude mountains, or companions gay;—
Than flowers that bent beneath the wild bee's touch;—
Than rivers where I bathed—and that was much!
Oft when thy mirth my sorrows would beguile,
Or tears in turn wash off the sunny smile,
I fancied that the season of thy birth
With its own varying sweets embued the earth
That thou wert made of; and the close-linked sense
Had drawn its changeful temperament from thence;
And thus thy genius, like thy natal hour,
Was April all—alternate sun and shower!—

Maturing years but ripened the delight
I took to read thee;—and as reason's sight
Waxed clearer, and experience had unfurled
The truth-stampt map of nature and the world,
I found thee skilful, deep, sagacious, true;
The same for ever, yet for ever new;—

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Thy book a breathing portrait of the mind:—
An index to the volume of mankind.—
Thou wast—(O, pardon my presumptuous pride,
To call *Thee* so,) my friend, companion, guide,
That taught me the soul's mazes to explore,
To pierce the semblance, and dissect the core;
Of nature's forms the hidden spring to view,
And find their beauty and their moral too.
O, 'tis a study, noble and refined,
To search the fertile garden of thy mind;—
Its-self a Paradise, like that whose flowers
Immortal fruits and never fading bowers,
First sprang, unmodel'd from the new formed earth,
Original,—but perfect at their birth;
A prime creation; from whose pregnant roots
This after-world derives her trees, and flowers, and
fruits.
Thus hath thy wit creative wonders wrought,
Formed to new shapes the never-hacknied thought;
Original, yet ne'er to be surpassed,
Mature at once tho' through all time to last;

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In whose rich volume, (all poetic ground,)
The noblest germs of thought and poesy are found!
In thee I saw the ever-varying line
Of beauty; and have learned what strains divine
From mortal lips may issue; yea, from thee,
Have heard a more than earthly melody.

—I well remember—'twas a summer's night—
The breeze was fresh and cooling—the stars bright—
When from the casement, sounds 'till then unknown
Fell on mine ear; at first, a dying tone
Came trembling, fainting; 'till a gentle swell
Upheld the strain—but how I could not tell.
A wilder, then, but melancholy sound,
And fanciful, charmed all the air around;
'Till strengthening from each fall and solemn close,
The columned organ's pealing music rose!
It all seemed more than mortal—so sublime
'Twas like the produce of some heavenly clime;
Fragments of sacred numbers, tuned above,
When seraphs touch their lyres to hymns of love.

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It was an air-harp; and its tender strings,
Silent before, when brushed by Zephyr's wings,
Uttered sweet sounds, such as the mellow flute
Did never yield, nor often fingered lute;
But uttered to the fitful breeze alone,
Should man but touch, the harmony were gone.—

And THOU seem'dst such a spiritual instrument,
Where all the chords of melody were blent,
Like colours in the rainbow.—Cramping art,
Checked not the delicate movements of thy heart;
And learning could not tune thee,—for thy tone
Was waked by Nature's genial breath alone!

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BOTTOM'S DREAM;

OR,

Ἡ τῶν Θεῶν Ἐκκλησία.

"I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was. The eye of man hath not heard; the ear of man hath not seen; man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince, to write a ballad of this dream; it shall be called "Bottom's Dream," because it hath no bottom."

SHAKESPERE.

PETER QUINCE,—ADDRESSING THE STAGYRITE.

"SAY what are dreams?—or whence the dormant skull
Awake, so plain, and logically dull,
Receives th' unlicensed mintage of conceit,
And takes for sterling coin, wit's counterfeit?—

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Do dreams, like mushrooms, spring by night, to shew
That quickest crops from murkiest dunghills grow?
And thrive like treasons, that to vigour creep
'Mid silence, darkness, privacy and sleep?
Does Pia-Mater spawn them like a frog,
Th' amphibious heirs of somnolent King Log;
And these pert tad-poles gambol and regale 'em,
Through all the crannies of the cerebellum?
Dive in the puddle on the gland pineal,
And to the surface rise, a "mockery unreal?"*
Say, Stagyrite, from whence—or what the cause?
For sore perplext, for your reply I pause."

STAGYRITE.†

Oh, doomed for ever in five-footed prose,
To bead crude thoughts, and rhyme them at the close,
Those are the base comparisons, and mean,
That lack-brained Dulness generates on Spleen.

* Macbeth.

† Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus.

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—Dreams, Sir, are ghosts of notions lately dead,
That rise and haunt the chambers of the head;
The brilliant phantoms of the darkened mind,
That hear and see, when sense is deaf and blind;
That live without existence, footless walk,
Move without motion, without voices talk;
Pure spirits, freed from flesh's drossy lumber;
Essence of thought—the poetry of slumber!
—Or else, (to build on a more attic plan)
Suppose the skull the college of the man,
At which the offspring of each sense assemble,
Through five dark *causeways* where the fibres tremble.
There ranged in classes and degrees exact,
They form ideas simple and abstract;
Simple as *gibs**, as sophisters compounded,

* This poem is now for the first time printed "by permission of" the Author, my dear and intimate friend, who begs me to say that the collegiate allusions introduced were indispensable, and must therefore be accounted for by the scene of the poem.—*Gibs*, in the instance of this note, is a bye-term for Junior Freshmen.

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Abstract as *Barret*† in the Zodiac pounded.
Now all observe due order and decorum,
While Provost Reason holds the sceptre o'er 'em,
And shows the Regent's‡ cock-loft "in terrorem;"
But Fancy, feather-brained, light-hearted minion,
Whose temper brooks not a restricted pinion,
Oft comes beneath some folio's deep disguise,
And squibs dull poppies at the Pedant's eyes;
Sight's blank portcullis falls—his nostrils ply,
Base! tenor! treble! a sweet lullaby:—
And slumber chaunts a loud Te Deum out
Through all the diapason of his snout.

† *Doctor John Barret,* commonly called *Jacky Barret,* Vice Provost of T. C. D. who wrote a learned and mystified treatise on the *Zodiac,* for which he was handsomely handled by the Edinburgh Reviewers. The Doctor is accounted no small oddity.

‡ Candidate Bachelors who have been *cautioned* are sent to "*the Regent's Loft*" [a place so called] to be examined for their degree—a matter of deep disgrace.

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Then youthful sport, as lively as a cricket,
Lifts the mute latch of fancy's "*ivory wicket*;"*
Forth rush the students o'er the merry scene,
Free from the Tutor, fearless of the Dean.
Then play some drama, lawless and romantic,
A strange hotch-potch of sorrowful and antic;
Such as our maudlin melodrames present,
Where pathos, bathos, grins and groans are blent.
Thus thro' night's darkness, and the morning's beam,
The truants act some tragi-comic dream;
Till their wild mirth gives Reason the alarum,
Rings out for matins and dissolves the charm;—
He wakes, and finds those tricksy vision-makers,
As mute as gudgeons, as demure as quakers,

* Sunt geminæ somni portæ; quarum altera fertur,
Cornea, quâ veris facilis datur exitus umbris:
Altera, candenti perfecta nitens *elephanto*,
Sed falsa ad cœlum mittunt insomnia manes.

Æn. VI. 892.

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Solemn and sad; o'er "Locke" and Murray"* bending,
As if 'twere term-time, and a *caution* pending;
Nor once suspected, till I broached the system,
What now he wonders could so long have missed him,
Dreams then, are Freshman frolics, wild and random,
The sports of thought"——

PETER QUINCE.

"Quod erat demonstrandum."

Thus having solved the riddle of the text,
"Call Bully Bottom, for his cue comes next."—

THE DREAM.

—'Twas night, and faithful to the sage's notion,
The circling spheres ground music in their motion.
Bright *Dian* danced a strathspey thro' the stars,
With curled *Endymion*;—*Venus* ogled *Mars*,

* "Locke and Murray," the authors of ancient and modern logic read in T. C. D.

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The long-tailed comet* trimmed his bushy beard ill,
And chilly *Saturn* buckled fast his girdle.
Old Earth slept soundly while the watchman Time
With metal clapper pealed out morning's prime.
And now my temples throbbing o'er their toil,
Rang out the curfew of my wasted oil.—
Sleep drew the curtains of my weary eyes,
And took my senses prisoners by surprize.
Then thro' my brain, a dream of bright array,
Of Heathen pomp and ritual, took its way;
Suggested doubtless by my waking ponderings
On the fore-mentioned planet's names and wanderings.
Not such my dreams of mere poetic rapture,
Of bailiff's triumph, and the Minstrel's capture,
Of purse with gold "*enceinte*" a rich balloon,—
But filled with gas, or treasures from the moon!—

* Just at this time (1819) a splendid Comet attracted general attention.

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Not such as oft pervade my upper regions,
The grand *head-quarters* of the vision legions;—
But such as prove my pericranium made
A ball-room fit for Morpheus' masquerade.
My *cerebrum* a stage for gods to play on,
My *capitol* become a grand Pantheon!—
—Methought the Gods, considering well my merits,
Thought fit to call me to their world of spirits;
There to matriculate and take degrees,
(Heaven grant that dreams go not by contraries!)
And soon to get, by diligence and patience,
A fellowship amongst the Constellations.
So now, a dweller at th' etherial axis,
And paying scot and lot, and parish taxes,
I straight resolved to take my observations,
To visit cousin-gods, my new relations;
And hoped to meet, amid the heavenly signs,
All well dressed, gentlemanly, grave divines;
Sticklers for form, in gravity delighters,
Just like our Bishops in lawn sleeves and mitres,

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I therefore smoothed my band, arranged my gown,
And perched my square-cap trimly on my crown;
Assumed th' importance of a man of letters,
And elbowed deities, by far my betters,
But, from some late derangement in their poor rates,
Their godships seemed reduced to half-pay curates.
Yea, so unlike to *Bishops!* in *my* ken
I vow I thought them liker mortal men.
The giants piled mount Ossa upon Pelion,
As stepping-blocks to make their perihelion;
But I, (and sun-burnt Phæton before me)
Entered Olympus at the proper door-way,
On a free ticket my admission won,
And reached the grand hotel they call "THE SUN,"
DAN PHŒBUS here is landlord, and provides
Both *Meux* and horses for poetic rides,
And drives the *Day Coach* which OLD TIME engages
To drop the *Hours* at their appointed stages.
Here as I lounged to meet my kinsman PHŒBUS,
To ask his judgment on a new made *rebus*,

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My ears were double drumm'd with all Heaven's babble,
My eyes bewildered by the motley rabble
Of gods and goddesses that plied their trades,
Satyrs and fawns, and tritons, and sea-maids,
Nymphs of the mountains, woods and marshes fenny,
All sweating hard to turn an honest penny.—
* First PAN patroles with faggots on his skull,
And bellows "*Bog-wood!*" like a roaring bull,
A goat-rumped *Satyr* up the pavement jiggs,
And tartly cries, "Birch-rods, Heath-brooms and "Twigs!"
Next THETIS pierced my ear with shrewish strain—
A splay-foot† fisherwoman from Heaven's *Pill-lane.*‡

* This poem having been written by an occasional resident of Dublin, the "*cries*" and trades are generally appropriated to those of that city.

† Ἀργυρόπεζα Θέτις, δυγάτηρ ἁλίοιο γέροντος
Iliad 1st, 566.

‡ The fish-market of Dublin—a minor Billingsgate.

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Skilled in the slang, with purl and gill pot valiant,
With sieve fair balanced on her main-top-gallant,
And arms a-kimbo, bustling thro' the Gods,
She cried "Bay Herrings! Haddocks! Soles! and Cods!"
— Here Fawns and Dryads nimbly stirred their legs,
Some "Water-cresses!" cried, and some "Fresh Eggs!"
—Next with her *saleables* DIANA came,
A long shanked, sun-burnt, stout, two-handed dame;
A half-starved beagle round the goddess scampers,
And snuffs the ware she carries in her hampers;
Around her throng a group of petty dealers,
Old crack-necked hunters, poachers and sheep-stealers,
While with dishevelled hair, and tattered habits,
She hawks "Nice wild fowl! Cabbage nets! and Rabbits!"
—Various "the cries" that Heaven's vast conclave rend,
Of "Wooden ware!" and "Pots and Pans to mend!"

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But while I sped amid the crowded shops,
A barber's pole my vagrant vision stops,
The window glowed with quaintly sculptured blocks,
Suds, razors, renovators, strops, false locks.—
Loud laughter shook the dome,—here MOMUS dwelt,
And o'er the door this tempting rhyme was spelt,

"Superior wiggery!—Frontlets for the fair!
"Macassar Oil! Greek Water for the Hair!
"Palm Soap, to smooth the most grog-blossomed chin!
"☞ Shave for an Obolum—and bleeding in!"—

The God of Grins, a pert, loquacious prig,
Was curling up old SATURN'S Sunday wig.—
An arch apprentice rasped at CHARON'S* face,
With vain endeavours to restore its grace,

* I know not what brings *Charon* amongst the celestials, as his usual occupations incapacitated him for Heaven.—Dreams, however, are not to be strictly accounted for, and he

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'Till wide his cackling jaw-bones burst asunder,
To hear Hell's ferryman roar "blood and thunder!"
Whose phiz, half shaved, and gashed in every part,
Bore sad memorial of his *double* art.*
Contest severe! where beard and blunted steel,
In bloody strife, the twinging visage peel;
Where tho' refined by Packwood's razor-strop,
The keen edge mows a hydra-headed crop!
But woe to him, whose tender jaws must ache
Beneath a blade indented like a rake,
Whose every stroke, so resolute and staunch,
Delves up the stubborn bristles, root and branch:
Or leaves the mazzard in a sad quandary,
—Slashed, mangled, carbonadoed, hacked, and hairy!
—On the other side fair VENUS and the GRACES
Sold muslins, tabinets, and silks and laces,

is the *only* immortal, whom I remembered (on the authority of Virgil) to stand in need of shaving.

—*Charon*, cui plurima *mento*
Canities inculta jacet.—Æn. VI. 299.

* "Shave for an obolum—and *bleeding* in."—

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Rouge, lip-salve, essences and "*Huile Antique*,"
"*Pomade Divine*" and other names in *Greek*.
In short, this fair quartett of modest bloomers,
Were called "Heaven's Milliners and Court Per-
"fumers!"
Before their door Crimp-Serjeant *Mars* parades,
Adjusts his whiskers—ogles with the maids,
And smiles when this advertisement he sees,
"*Lodgings to let to* SINGLE *Deities*."
—Not six doors hence a tavern met my view;
Grapes hung in clusters of the loveliest hue;
From gurgling casks rich purple currents flow,
And sparkling wines in graceful beakers glow,
Whose fragrant fumes a giddy joy dispense,
And, tho' untasted, breathe of temutence.—
Here BACCHUS plies the Tapster's trade, and shews
"The Maltworm's roasting"* in his flaming nose;

* "The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy kitchen, where he doth nothing but *roast maltworms*."—*Henry IV. 2d Part.*

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Plump, gouty, vinolent, rotund and merry,
He sits astride a puncheon of right Sherry;
While HEBE at the Bar the liquor pours,
And serves the guests, and duly chalks the scores.
—I next beheld grim HERCULES himself,
Perched like a posture-master on a shelf;
For having once, on earth, ta'en things in dudgeon,
He made a roaring bonfire of his bludgeon,
Half burned himself—repented on his pyre—
And ran t' insure his precious life from fire!
But ATLAS, finding that this porter's swab
Had got no cash to pay him for the job,
Resolved in meal or malt to have his guerdon,
And ease his own old shoulders from their burden,
He shrugged and jerked, and with a mighty bustle
Pitched the round World upon the man of muscle,
With gold leaf salved his watery pustules o'er
And placed him sentry o'er *the office door*,
Where still he stands in posture of endurance,
To shew "*The Atlas Fire and Life Assurance.*

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" Before the starry threshold of JOVE's Court"
I saw the junior Deities of sport.—
Some played " chuck farthing"—others " pitch and
" toss"
POLLUX was wrestling—CASTOR jumped a foss.
Young GANIMEDE, a girlish kind of mail,
Was shaking salt upon an eagle's tail.
FAME was inventing stories to bely men,
And CUPID played at " *Cherry-pit*" with HYMEN.
These and much more—and what seemed strange
enough,
The FATES and FORTUNE playing " *Blind man's*
" *Buff!*"
Still farther on I saw SILENUS pass,
Drunk as a sow, and stupid as his ass,—
Here double JANUS looked two ways for Sunday,
And drowsy MORPHEUS snored in bed till noon-day.
Here CLOACINA wallowed in the mire;
And VESTA there sat bottling liquid fire.

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Brisk MERCURY, a bird-limed fingered chap,
Went round the houses with a postman's rap:
And now was speeding on his rounds diurnal;
To drop with JUPITER "the Olympic Journal!"
I bowed to HERMES—followed in his wake—
He let me in for old acquaintance-sake—
At last I reached, by some propitious blunder,
The grand *Star Chamber* of THE GOD OF THUNDER,
Who in his elbow-chair and robes of state,
And wig that reached his girdle from his pate,
Bore (to the very best of my remembrance)
To our Vice Chancellor* a strong resemblance.
But soon I learned his godship was Lord Mayor,
And auditor in chief of mortal prayer.
Whole troops advanced of suitors empty handed,
With scornful frowns "the rascals" he disbanded;—
But others came with bullocks led in halters,
With lambs and goats fat offerings for his altars,

* W———M D———s, Esq. Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, and Vice Chancellor of T. C. D.

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To these he nods, and with importance big
Shakes the vast buckles of his curly wig,
Whence clouds of powder spread around his poll are,
From which his Worship's called the cloud controller.†

Thus priests on earth * * * * *

* * * * * * * * *

* * * * But truce with Epigrams.

Tythe pigs, we know, are neither goats nor lambs.
—IRIS, while here I gaped, came running in,
And "*Midwife! Midwife!*" clamoured with a din;
"The chaste MINERVA, Ma'am, your prudish neighbour,
"Your modest prude is taken ill in labour!"
With looks dispatchful, JUNO took her cloak,
And cramm'd her cordial-bottle in her poke,
And cried, while jealousy for utterance strove,
"Some of your pretty doings, *Mister* JOVE!"——

† Νεφεληγερέτα Ζευς.—*Homer.*

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—Whilst to "*The Sun*" my homeward steps I urge,
I met APOLLO at a blacksmith's forge;
Perched on a block, an old Jew's harp he twanged,
While limping Mulciber the anvil banged,
And quickly wrought, for **Phlegon's* hoof a shoe
"Immortal, incorruptible, bran-new."
Thence soon returned, his fiery team he yokes,
Pries o'er the harness, axle-tree and spokes.
When all was done, I took good leave to show him,
Some crude conceits digested like a poem.
He read, and paused—declared he "never doubted,
But in a week would tell me more about it."—
We took our seats, Apollo blew his horn—
—The noise awoke me—and I found 'twas morn.—

* One of the Horses of the Sun, according to Ovid.

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LETTER OF WILLIAM C—BB—TT.

MR. QUINCE,

WALKING lately near North Hampstead, previous to my coming to England, I picked up the enclosed letter, directed to "*The greatest man on earth in my opinion*," and supersigned W. C. As I have no acquaintance with this celebrated Gentleman, I send it you, in hopes that by your publishing it, it may reach his eyes.

I am, friend Peter,

Your humble Servant,

* * *

TO THE GREATEST MAN ON EARTH, *in my opinion*,

MY SELF!!—*Greeting.*

North Hampstead, 1819.

DEAR SELF!

COULD the Universe furnish another,

Your equal in wit, and in talents your brother,

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To him should this loving epistle be penn'd,
And my sentiments lodged in the breast of my friend;
But since Nature herself cannot furnish the charge
Of genius so fertile, and conscience so large,
To you, who to all others' merits are blind,
I will faithfully open the state of my mind:—
Tho' a turn-coat to others, to Self I was true,—
And I'll shew the *inside* of my doublet to *you:*
For *you*, my *dear Self!* may ride calm on the storm,
As the only thing earthly that needs not "*Reform.*"
Reform!—what dear notions that sound conjures up!—
'Twas the filtre that drugged my political cup.
With *that*, and the words "*Constitution*," and "*Job*,"
I could blindfold John Bull—arm a Manchester mob,
And line with gold guineas my *Register's* fob.
To me this reform was a very cat's-paw,
A hook that I stuck in Leviathan's jaw;
Whilst the object I sought, amid all our state quarrels,
Was a radical, sweeping *Reform of our morals.*

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—A French Surgeon—and doubtless a dab at his art,
Announced the *right side*, as the seat of the heart,
When a pupil observed, that by common report,
The *left* had been always it's place of resort;—
"*Ah, que oui!*" said the Gaul, with his Frenchified bow,
"It might have been *once*, but we've altered that now,"
—Thus, *King-craft* for ages, bamboozled the throng,
With monkish distinctions of right and of wrong;
Taught that "*Tuum*," translated, was legally *thine*,
And "*meum*" the vulgar Law-latin for *mine*.—
—Sad nonsense! unfit for this century's light—
But thanks to my morals, "we've altered that quite"—
Into one golden rule, the new system is thrown,
"*What's my neighbour's is mine—and what's mine is my own!*"

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Of *my* conduct in friendship, this maxim's the clue,
And it guided my windings in politics too.
For whenever I libelled the BOURBON or GUELPH,
My purpose was merely to better *myself!*
King, Commons, and Nobles I weekly cried down,
For I held YOU, *sweet self!* Constitution and Crown.
Tho' Statesmen, I swore, were the nation's disgrace
I could pardon a statesman, were *you* in his place.
I railed against taxes—but this was the reason—
I'd a snug little tax of my own upon Treason,
WOOD's coinage of brass was opposed by the
DRAPIER,
So *I* railed against the Bank's circulation of paper.
This answered my end—for the *Register* sold,
And *my* paper alone was true value for gold.
But as the stamp duty our liberty cramps,
I seldom remember'd to print it on stamps.
KING GEORGE may complain of his plundered exoise,
But *my* new code of morals might cure his surprize,—

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For as AUTOCRAT you had a right to it all,
And I only robbed Peter to pay it to Paul.
—In a dearth of reform on the church I fell foul,
(For the D—l had always a pique 'gainst the cowl)
So I gave the Tythe system a damnable bite;—
But were you my Lord Primate, even Tythes had been
right.
—The people next growled at the value of Land,
I followed the scent, and took Landlords in hand,
Bid them lower their acres *at least cent. per cent.*
For I'd like to hold B—L—Y, without paying rent.—
—Like the fox that had lost his own tail, I could
preach
Against others possessing what I could not reach;—
I missed of a borough so cozy and warm,
"They are rotten," cries Reynard, and bellows
"Reform."
—I never learned Latin, was fat, and looked sleek,
I therefore abhorred both *potatoes* and *Greek.*
And as for that old puritanical prate,

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Of honesty, honor, and love to the State;
Of gratitude, conscience, and regular payment,
For houses and acres, for victuals and rayment,
Those bug-bears that keep vulgar spirits in awe,
I hate them—because they're according to law!
—And now to my debts—for as lately I said it,
"If I owe a great deal, *'tis the more to my credit!*"
And in truth I may pleasantly add with the Poet,
Were it ten times as much, *I am able to owe it.*
My friends in old England have plenty of pelf,
So I'll keep all my earnings, henceforth, to myself.*
For since they imprisoned poor W—— N and NAP,
I hold myself bound not to pay them a rap.
And this is *my* maxim,—whenever I find
Society wilfully scorn to be blind;—
Whene'er they reject my political views
Of a radical change from their shops to the nooze;—
When they cannot, or will not, desert their good King,

* See a certain Letter addressed to Mr. T—P—E.

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To save me from my fears† of a prison, or string,
Then I fleece the long purse of "the bacon fed knaves,"
And quit all obligations by calling them *slaves !*
—Thus nature ordains—and the system I like,—
"If the dace," says Jack Falstaff, "be prey for the
"pike,"
If herrings in shoals, be Leviathan's gobbet,
Why not JOHNNY BULL a fat morsel for C—BB—TT ?
—One signal advantage results from *my* morals—
That *self-love* has the sole dispensation of laurels,—
And in sorting the objects of glory and shame,
Tho' she can't change the nature, she alters the name.
Thus, for instance, (for when all my arguments fail,
I can always drag instances in by the tail,)
That *soup-maigre* Frenchman, who stuck to his
master,
Poor blockhead ! thro' twenty long years of disaster,
Has lately regained his French Peerage, forsooth,
For no earthly deserts,—but his honor and truth !—

† See the manly Letter of Sir F. B.

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Now I, when my fortunes were just on the crash,
Found two or three neighbours plethoric of cash;
I slipt in my lancet—drew blood by the pail,
And when creditors clamoured—I gave them leg-
bail.
All this in *new light my* morality sets:
He fled from dishonour and *I* from my debts.
I'm a *true honest man*, when *I sconce their amount*,
But the Frenchman's a scoundrel—*because he's a*
Count
—Thus far my politico-moral belief,
My scheme of Religion's as novel and brief—
I believe that I AM!—that the world is a stage,
For *my* TALENTS to rule or bewilder the age.—
I believe that the Church is an engine of state,
That Religion is priest-craft, and Providence, fate;—
That Loyalty's one of Beelzebub's breed:
But the French Revolution, a goddess indeed!!
—The BIBLE's a Book that sticks hard in my craw,
But *my* REGISTER's Gospel, and Prophets and Law!

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I worship my Genius—my interests, adore;
I believe in *One Person*, MYSELF, and no more:
Yea, so strongly I love *my dear self* and *my* FAME,
I could worship JEHOVAH,—were C—BB—TT his name.

W. C.

THE END.

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